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Supplement: WHAT'S WRONG WITH SOUTH WALES?

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THAT the Council of the League will meet next week to take cognisance of the Abyssinian dispute is good news so far as it goes. The French, now that M. Laval has for the moment saved the franc, have begun to see beyond the end of their nose in the world outside. Paris newspapers, which have hitherto been busily finding reasons for not interfering with Mussolini, have changed their tune, and talk seriously about the necessity of standing in with Britain and defending the League. There is complete agreement, we are told, between the French and British Governments on the need of "maintaining the machinery of the Covenant intact." But the French and British Governments will also have to envisage that machinery not merely maintained intact, but put into operation. The initial procedure will presumably be for the Council to discuss the whole affair—and not simply the Wal-Wal incident—under Art. 15, as a threat to the general peace. And then if, as is highly probable, Italy continues to cry "Hands off," is it to be sanctions? Or will the League try to save its face, as it did in the Manchurian affair, by a futile protest and a show of moral indignation?

The League and the Aggressor

The behaviour of the Powers in that affair, as many now see who defended it at the time, was more than a crime—it was a blunder of the first magnitude. We predicted from the outset in this journal what the results would be—encouragement to the Japanese to pursue their plan of eating up China and encroaching steadily on the legitimate interests of others in the Far East, incitement to violence, reaction and aggression elsewhere. We may be forgiven some *Schadenfreude* at the spectacle of those who scoffed at us then now acknowledging their error. Mr. Garvin, who thundered every week against war-mongering pacifists who wanted to stop Japan on her unlawful occasions, now naively remarks that it is a pity the Powers did not take a stronger line. But what is important is that the error should not be repeated, and it is significant that papers like the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Sunday Times*, which are known to be close to the Government, are openly advocating a resolute policy against Italy. Such a policy is not, of course, dictated by idealism alone, but by very real fears of what an attack by Italy on Abyssinia, whether successful or unsuccessful, would lead to both in Central Europe and in our own African colonies. Mussolini is gambling not merely with the fortunes of his own country, but with everybody else's.

How to Stop the War

It appears to be believed in France that Mussolini may still be coaxed into a better frame of mind at Geneva, or that if the war does break out, it may be stopped without much difficulty. The latter belief seems to us fantastically sanguine; nor is there much ground for the former. The sound and fury in the Fascist press may possibly signify nothing. Like Satan rebuking sin, it is now in full blast against the "piratical, cynical and covetous" Japanese, who in their turn are protesting through the mouth of the Black Dragon—an organisation which specialises in murder—at Italy's defiance of the laws of international justice! The tap could, no doubt, be turned off as easily as it is turned on by the dictatorship. But the Duce seems to have committed himself too far to go back now, except on terms which Abyssinia will not concede, and which Britain and France could not try to persuade or force her to concede. There is, indeed, no disposition in this country (except on the part of a few odd persons like Lord Rothermere) to betray the Abyssinians; we are even prepared to license the export of arms to them. Something like a miracle would be needed at Geneva to stop the adventure being pushed on according to plan. But miracles may happen when principle and self-interest of Great Powers coincide. In that case the necessary steps must be taken within the next few weeks to prevent the war. The first of those steps should be to make it perfectly plain to Italy that the League is prepared to apply sanctions against her. That might be enough; Mussolini, for all his Napoleonic talk, is not in a position to fight the world.

More Nazi Persecutions

We are glad to know that the British Legion, who have been visiting Germany, drew the line at placing a wreath on the monument in Munich to the "heroes" of Hitler's 1923 *Putsch*. Apart from this one hitch, the Nazis may be well satisfied with the capital they have made out of the visit. By a coincidence—or was it deliberately?—they chose last week for the beginning of a new offensive in their racial and religious war. Jew-baiting is now again in full swing, and with the appointment of Count Helldorf, a notorious anti-Semite, as chief of the Berlin police, it will doubtless be ruthlessly pursued. Simultaneously, General Göring has initiated a new attack on the Catholic Church. The Catholic ex-servicemen's organisation has been suppressed, and the Catholic youth organisations are forbidden to wear uniforms or badges or carry flags, to exercise in the open. The Vatican has protested strongly against this violation of the Concordat—apparently without effect. The Pope's writ does not run in pagan Germany. But surely the pagan Germans are taking big risks in antagonising—or intensifying the antagonism to—the Nazi regime among the vast Catholic populations of Bavaria and the Rhineland, not to mention Austria, on which they presumably still have their eye. Does the Führer approve of, or is he unconcerned about, the doings of his followers? Or is he powerless to control the radical elements who seem to be asserting themselves again? Or is he, perchance, preparing for another bloody purge?

France in Deflation

The demonstrations in Paris at the end of last week against M. Laval's financial measures were noisy but not formidable. It is estimated that the crowd of protesters numbered 20,000 at the most. More than 1,500 were arrested (and nearly all released the next morning); these were partly unemployed men, singing the *Internationale* and cheering the Soviets, partly postal employees, Government clerks and transport workers. There may be similar protests to come from the ex-servicemen, railwaymen, *fonctionnaires* and others; but at the moment it looks as though the Laval decrees, though obviously not popular, are generally regarded as an infliction that must be borne. The reduction in rents is, of course, popular with all but a small minority. The 10 per cent. cuts in the pay of the lower grade civil servants, on the other hand, is a cruel hardship to a great number of families, and there is a widespread sympathy with these victims. Nobody, of course, believes that this programme of deflation has saved the franc for all time. The most that can be hoped from it is that it will stave off the crisis for a few months, till the Chamber reassembles.

More Troubles for the President

Mr. Roosevelt's troubles increase. The Bankhead Cotton Control Act has now been declared unconstitutional by a Federal Circuit Court; and this issue will go with the others to the Supreme Court in the autumn. The Senate, encouraged by the attitude of the Courts, has mangled the Administration's Bill to amend and renew the A.A.A. out of all recognition. The power to apply the proceeds of customs duties to subsidising agriculture has been refused; and so has the clause disallowing suits for the recovery of sums paid by way of processing taxes. The Bill now goes to conference between the two Houses, which are already in dispute over the terms of the Banking Bill and several other vital measures. Meanwhile, the "strike" against the processing taxes is gaining force, and it looks as if the cost of the agricultural subsidies will have to be met out of general taxation or by borrowing. The entire system of control over agricultural production is seriously threatened; and if that collapses there is likely to be a very sharp fall in farmers' incomes, with big reactions on the demand for industrial products. But for the moment these adverse factors are still in the future, and American business sentiment seems to be rather "bullish." Congress, eager to get away, is still legislating hard in the heat; and the public is left as uncertain as ever about Mr. Roosevelt's intentions should the New Deal be finally declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court.

Gold's Last Ditch

Italy came practically off the gold standard some time ago, though there was no acknowledged change in the gold value of the lira. Now, under stress of the need for making heavy payments abroad for materials and munitions, Mussolini has decided to encroach on the Bank of Italy's reserves, and pay in gold at the expense of the cover held against the currency. In view of the song which the Duce has made many times in the past about the gold standard, declaring the successful stabilisation of the lira to be the greatest triumph of the Fascist Revolution and the symbol of Italian emergence as a Great Power, he must be hard pressed to let some of his beloved metal go. But the only alternative would be severe deflation, which he dare not risk, especially in view of the

unpopularity of his bellicose attitude towards Abyssinia. Elsewhere, the deflationists are still busy trying to save their national currencies from the "dishonour" that has fallen upon the lira. For the moment M. Laval seems to be getting away with his economy programme; but Left opposition is gathering its forces. In Holland, the Catholics have broken away from the Government Coalition, which is depressing wages and restricting credit hard in order to save the guilder and, as we write, Dr. Colijn seems to be on the point of resignation—the alternative is a dissolution and a general election. That will almost certainly mean devaluation; and if the guilder thus goes the way of the belga, it will add to the anxiety and difficulties of the defenders of the Swiss and the French franc.

Arms Control

The problem of arms control is likely to mean more and more worry to the Government. This week one Minister has stated that no applications for licences to export arms to Abyssinia have been made, although only a few days ago another Minister said that applications had been received and been held up for consideration. The truth is, as Sir William Jowitt ably argued before the Royal Commission on Arms, that the present system of close connection (without control) between the Government and the private arms firms is inefficient as well as open to other obvious objections. The Union of Democratic Control's evidence, which Sir William presented to the Commission, was of a very remarkable kind. Excellent general arguments for arms nationalisation have been presented by Lord Cecil, Mr. Arnold-Forster and others. But the U.D.C.'s evidence is a full and detailed document which examines the evils of the present system with unanswerable force and which outlines practical methods by which nationalisation could be carried out if the Government wished it. It also urges upon the Commission the duty of inquiring into a number of mysteries which it alone can obtain the powers to investigate.

Bacon—a Rasher Scheme

The plans for a Bacon Development Board are now well advanced, and Lord De La Warr expounded them this week to the Conservative Agricultural Committee. The Board is to consist of representatives from the two Marketing Boards for pigs and bacon, with additional persons appointed by the Ministry of Agriculture. Its principal task is to institute a licensing system for new bacon factories, so as to prevent the establishment of non-economic units; and it is to have power also, on payment of compensation, to close "redundant" existing factories, in order to rationalise bacon production in larger units on the lines already practised in Denmark. The scheme is to be financed by a levy of not more than fourpence a pig—at the outset not more than a penny, which will provide only a very small income; but the Board is to have borrowing powers for financing more ambitious schemes. Grading and pricing of bacon will also come within its scope. This proposal goes further than the present scheme towards implementing the recommendations of the Lane-Fox Committee. Consumers will certainly need to watch it carefully, lest it be used both to push up prices to an unreasonable extent and to exclude yet more Danish bacon in defiance of the public's preference and interest.

The Lowest Point of Depression

Tuesday's debate on the depressed areas ended with a remark by Mr. Harold Macmillan that the speech of the new Minister of Labour "depresses the House to the lowest level of depression which it has reached since the Government came into office." That was the general view in all parts of the House. Mr. Ernest Brown and Lord Eustace Percy, who spoke for the Government, offered the Special Areas not one single crumb of hope. Mr. Brown was evidently angry with Mr. Stewart for making public the hobbling limitations under which he has to work; no extension of his powers or freedom of action was even remotely suggested. Mr. Brown has evidently the perfect official mind—which is about the worst possible quality for a Minister of Labour. Lord Eustace Percy, who opposed the appointment of the Commissioners as a back-bencher, was no more helpful than Mr. Brown. Both Ministers talked about giving careful consideration to Mr. Stewart's proposals, but no one had any doubt what the results of their consideration would be. The Government's answer to Mr. Stewart and to the Special Areas is a blank negation, which is precisely what its reply to Mr. Lloyd George had led us to expect. We note further that the Bill to reorganise the cotton industry, much trumpeted a while ago as a great contribution to industrial reconstruction, is to be held over till the autumn. Its prospects of ever reaching the Statute Book are much less bright than they were, now that a strong minority of the employers and also the Trade Unions have declared against it.

The Voice of South Wales

How long will the Special Areas remain quiet if the House of Commons and the Government have nothing to offer them? Last week in Monmouth a number of men were sentenced to stiff terms of imprisonment on charges of riot and unlawful assembly. It was noticeable that the jury convicted on these more general charges in spite of the fact that they seemed not to accept most of the police evidence and, indeed, in all cases but one dismissed the individual charges of assault against the police. The remarkable feature of the trial was its disclosure of the bad relations between police and unemployed. Mr. Aneurin Bevan was surely justified in suggesting in his speech in the distressed areas debate that riots of this kind were the direct result of the Government's refusal to face the facts. Why should South Wales or any other distressed area accept the stock argument that it is no longer an economic proposition and employers must be allowed to go just where it pays them best? That argument, inherited from an age of *laisser faire*, will not wash when Mr. Bevan or any other informed critic can point to case after case in which the Government does subsidise uneconomic enterprise. The case of South Wales is no doubt particularly difficult; but it offers an argument for economic planning, not for abrogation of Government responsibility. Must we really fall back on the satirical solution outlined in the brilliant essay which appears this week as a supplement to this journal?

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. The postage on this issue is: Inland, 1d.; Foreign, 1½d.; Canada, 1d.

ECONOMY AND COMPLACENCY

FOR some time past it has seemed almost as if South England had forgotten about unemployment. But now there come, all in a heap, the Lloyd George memorandum and the Government's reply to it, with Mr. Lloyd George's rejoinder, and into the bargain Mr. Stewart's first report on his work as Commissioner for the "Special Areas," and a similar report from the Commissioner in Scotland. The battle is joined again between those who want to see a real effort made to absorb the unemployed in useful work and those who point to the past year or two's progress, tell us to let well alone and put our faith in the natural recuperative powers of the capitalist system. The Government now holds the fort: Mr. Lloyd George is recruiting an army for the attack. Where Mr. Stewart stands on the main issue his report does not say; but he is quite frank about the lamentable situation in the depressed areas and about the insufficiency of his present powers to help them. By way of illustrating the problem in one of the most depressed areas, we publish to-day, as a supplement, a biting satire on the condition of South Wales. The author, whose position makes anonymity unavoidable, does not tell us what to do about South Wales; but he does succeed in a very unusual way in explaining to complacent people how the situation must appear to sensitive minds in both Wales and England.

Mr. Stewart's report is in many ways a remarkable document, which is likely to cause the Government that appointed him a good deal of discomfort. He is indiscreet enough to quote verbatim a number of the fine things that were said by Ministers at the time when he was entering upon his duties, and then to continue immediately with an account of the actual powers which these same Ministers have since allowed him to exercise. The contrast is glaring. Mr. Chamberlain said: "We have resolved to cut through all the ordinary methods . . . we are going to give the Commissioners a very wide discretion. They must not be afraid of trying experiments even if those experiments fail." Mr. Stanley, then Minister of Labour, said: "I hope we shall be able to leave him as far as possible unhampered in the day-to-day administration of his duties and that he will be able to act with speed and decision." Mr. MacDonald, after a series of grandiose observations, said: "You go down. You face it. You deal with it. You spend money on it, and I will stand by you." And so on, through a whole string of Ministers of the Crown.

What then happened? When Mr. Stewart, on the strength of these promises, tried to get down to work, he speedily discovered that his "free hand" was to be tied securely behind his back. He has been made, he tells us, "as much subject to orthodox financial control as any Government Department." He can do nothing without the leave both of the department most nearly concerned and of the Treasury. Nor is this all; the departments and the Treasury have placed on his powers an interpretation which effectively prevents him from doing most of the things he regards as most useful. He cannot under the terms of his appointment help financially any project in aid of which grants are *payable* by any Government department. The extraordinary interpretation placed on this condition is that "payable" means not actually paid or to be paid, but extends to all projects which any Government department could aid if it had a mind, even where aid has in fact been totally refused.

This means in effect that wherever, in pursuance of the general policy of "national economy," any project has been turned down for the country as a whole, Mr. Stewart has no power to revive it in order to help the distressed areas, even if it is obviously the most suitable way to give them help. He cannot aid them with road-making or school-building or housing or port improvements, or indeed with most forms of public works, except where he is able to find some method of evading the restriction by an obvious subterfuge. This reduces him to a desperate search for projects which for one reason or another escape the ban; and it may partly account for the attention paid to small holdings and other forms of land settlement, which are specially exempted from it. A further restriction, in which he himself concurs, prevents him from aiding schemes designed to make a profit; but here again he suggests the possibility of getting round the condition by establishing some special agency to which the ban will not apply.

Mr. Stewart has clearly been doing his best within the limit of his authority. But he cannot, while he is thus restricted, achieve anything of real importance. If the Government wishes its efforts for the Special Areas to be regarded as serious, even on a small scale, it will have to give Mr. Stewart the wider powers which he implicitly demands, and relieve him from the rigid control at present exercised both by the separate departments and by the Treasury. But, even if this is done, Mr. Stewart's own account shows that he will not be able to achieve a great deal. He will poultice rather more sore places; but it is quite beyond his power to do anything that will help materially towards setting the depressed areas back on their feet. He is not, he tells us, "charged with the duty of relieving unemployment by the provision of work." He is "solely concerned with measures designed to facilitate the economic development or social improvement of the areas." As "economic development" depends for the most part on national economic policy, with which he has nothing to do, he is driven back on "social improvement," and even in that field has to content himself with secondary measures which do not raise issues of national social policy. He cannot raise the school age, or pension the aged, or shorten the hours of labour; he can only help to provide public amenities, to clear derelict sites, or to subsidise voluntary undertakings engaged in rescue work for the unemployed.

Mr. Stewart's report, important as it is, therefore touches only indirectly the issues between Mr. Lloyd George and the Government; and these issues are obviously of far wider range. In his rejoinder to the Government's case against his plans, Mr. Lloyd George correctly describes the official document as "the most complete essay in self-complacency," and says that "most of the document is taken up, not with an examination of my scheme, but with a torchlight procession of their own achievements in every sphere of activity." That is fair comment. The Government has indeed little difficulty in riddling Mr. Lloyd George's excessively ambitious schemes of land settlement; but for the rest it offers very little effective criticism, and puts forward no positive alternative at all.

Yet, even on the Government's own showing, there is no case for the complacency which its document so signally displays. It is admitted that "very much still remains to be done, and in the present phase of the Government's policy progress is admittedly slower and more arduous than in the first rebound from crisis conditions." The document goes on to say that "the pace of our further recovery must to some extent be set by the advance of other nations in the same direction." Then, as Mr. Lloyd George points out in his rejoinder, follows an admission that money is available in plenty for financing extensions of both private and public enterprise. And yet the conclusion reached is that, despite the slowing down of recovery, which is fully admitted, nothing specia is to be done beyond waiting hopefully on the march of world events.

What does this involve? Over the past four years unemployment has fallen, from June, 1931, to June, 1935, by 700,000, or over the past three years by 840,000. From 1932 to 1933, and again from 1933 to 1934, the annual fall was between three and four hundred thousand; but from 1934 to 1935 it is only 120,000, and there are still over two million persons out of work. The numbers in employment have indeed risen by not far short of a million since June, 1932, and by rather more than a million since June, 1931; but at the present rate of progress, even if it could be maintained, how long would it take to reduce unemployment to tolerable dimensions? The Government, however, warns us not to expect even the present greatly reduced rate of improvement to continue. If the present abnormal activity of private house-building came to an end, we should be faced at once with a large actual increase in unemployment; and, while the boom in middle-class housing is not yet over, no reasonable person expects it to go on much longer at anything like the present level.

In these circumstances the Government's answer to Mr. Lloyd George is no answer at all, but a plain acceptance of unemployment at something like the present figure as an unavoidable visitation of providence. This clearly is Mr. Baldwin's view; he goes out of his way to deny the Government's knowledge of a "cure." That Mr. Lloyd George's expedients would cure unemployment we do not for a moment believe; but they would certainly reduce it far below the point at which it is bound to remain if the Government persists in its present policy. And the case for his bolder measures is greatly strengthened by the precariousness of the present level of activity, because of its plain dependence on the continuance of the housing boom.

There is, further, a specially strong case for tackling the problem in the form in which it exists in the Special Areas and in other depressed districts, such as Lancashire. Mr. Stewart points out that in May of this year unemployment in the Special Areas in England and Wales stood at 34.5 per cent., as compared with 15.5 per cent. for England and Wales as a whole. Of the unemployed men in the Special Areas more than half, or 121,100, had been out of work continuously for more than a year, as compared with less than a third over the whole country. Since 1921 the total population of these areas has fallen by 97,000, whereas the population of England and Wales has risen by over two and a half millions; but despite this large-scale migration, the volume of unemployment remains far in excess of that in the rest of the country. These figures constitute an unanswerable case for special action, and a conclusive rejoinder to the Government's complacency.

TIRED TYRANTS

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT]

IT is saddening to be in Danzig to-day among the splendid Renaissance houses of those rich Hanseatic merchants while a winter of starvation stares the Danzigers of 1935 in the face, and it is saddening to see the empty granaries and the dead wharves of Danzig so near to the busy expansion of ten-year-old Gdynia. Within two years the National Socialists have succeeded in ruining Danzig. Whereas, as Dr. Rauschning pointed out, Danzig might have profitably attached itself to the sterling bloc a year or so ago, the devaluation of 2nd May was nothing but a desperate declaration of bankruptcy. While the predominantly Socialist Government of 1927 to 1930 built houses and flats and a magnificent school, the Nazi regime, which took over the administration in 1933, has succeeded in spending some 14 or 15 million old gulden (about one million pounds) upon public works which can claim nothing but the shadow of military value. One of the bitterest jokes of to-day is the municipal theatre rebuilt by the Nazis in the Adolf Hitler style to further their cultural mission in the north; but there is no money with which to finish the work, so Danzig will be left without this muse for the first time probably in its modern history.

It is a strange situation in the Free City to-day, but it does not lack interest nor yet importance. Here is a National Socialist regime wedded to inflation and at the same time the gold standard, driven to devaluation and the grimmest deflation. Here is a chauvinist regime compelled by *Die Grosse Politik* to make unprecedented concessions to the Polish enemy within the gates. Here is a Nazi Senate which, for all the technique of terrorisation, cannot compel a sufficiently large majority in the Volkstag to free it from the last remnants of the democratic constitution which is guaranteed by the League of Nations. It is a tired tyranny which President Greiser and his colleagues are exercising to-day, while it would be absurd to doubt that the tide of opposition feeling is rising. The strongest opponents of the Government, both numerically and morally, are the Social Democrats, who have struggled here with a courage sometimes lacking in their brothers in the Reich. There were two little country elections last autumn, for instance, before which the Socialist speakers persistently turned up, regardless of Nazi beatings and thrashings. Of course, their position has never been as desperate as in the German Reich, and Danzig has been blessed with a man of tact and fair-mindedness in the League High Commissioner, Mr. Sean Lester. All this year, but especially since May, workers have been coming over to the Socialist United Trade Union (*Arbeiterverband*) even if they left their names enrolled in the Nazi *Arbeitsfront*. Immediately after the Volkstag election of 7th April, there were terrible beatings, and the Socialist newspaper was forbidden until 1st July, but now the *Volksstimme* is the favourite newspaper of the town, for the caution with which it has to be written makes it palatable to almost any critic of the Nazis. It is a little startling to come from the Reich to find good Nazi Danzig reading the Socialist *Volksstimme*.

In addition to the Socialists, the opposition includes a fairly strong Centre party (which even slightly increased its poll on 7th April) and the Nationalists. Underground Communism cannot be said to play much part, though the Communist deputy, Plenikowski, compels widespread respect. The Nationalists are the newest converts to the opposition programme, which demands in the first place the immediate restoration of a reign of law in place of a reign of terror. Nationalist lawyers and officials have become more and more

enraged by the arbitrary methods of the Nazis, especially since they themselves have begun to be arrested. Last week, indeed, a judge found courage to inflict a three months' sentence on Zarske, the twenty-five year old editor of the Nazi *Danziger Vorposten*, for his attacks upon the "traitor," Dr. Rauschning. That such a sentence, however short, could be pronounced at all, is regarded as a symptom of no little significance. People have begun to discuss the fall of the Nazis in earnest.

Now how does the opposition envisage the expulsion of the Nazis, while all physical power and patronage are still in their hands? (Here we have the usual S.A. and S.S. and police, and in addition a pseudo-military force called the *Landespolizei*). If things develop further and Nazi members of the Volkstag default, the Government might lose its majority, but that is a very conditional hope. Since another election only falls due in 1939, some people are collecting signatures to demand a referendum, but this involves endless delay and a preliminary vote, against which the Nazis could very easily enforce a boycott. The Supreme Court of Danzig is at present sitting upon election petitions, the granting of which would invalidate the April election, but it is not to be hoped that they will do more than call in question a few village results where the voting was flagrantly open. The central hope of the opposition is the League of Nations—pray God it may not fail them! For a League Committee consisting of a Swiss, a Swedish and a Dutch lawyer, is to report on a batch of Danzig petitions before the end of this month. The Danzigers, for instance, have petitioned as to the legality, within the constitutional limits guaranteed by the League, of the chief items of Nazi legislation—interference with the press and all the other curtailments of personal liberty. It is hoped that a favourable report from the lawyers will encourage the Council of the League to take a stronger line in September.

The hesitancy of the League is not the worst of the difficulties by which the opposition are faced. They lack a really capable leader. It is too early yet for Dr. Rauschning, a man of broad vision and quick intelligence, to inspire sufficient confidence, for as head of the Nazi Government he condoned all that he now most condemns, and it is only eight months since his resignation. Another difficulty for those who struggle against National Socialism here is the attitude of Poland. It must always be remembered that the Treaty of Versailles made Danzig into something like a Polish dependency. Danzig is in the Polish customs zone, Poland runs the railways, the foreign affairs of Danzig are dealt with by the Poles; it is probable that the currency will soon be that of Poland. The situation, as it is, suits the Poles very well. They are glad to see a regime weakened by widespread opposition, but they prefer to see a Nazi Senate which is instructed by Berlin to subordinate the interests of Danzig to the Polish–German Agreement.

By far the greatest obstacle in the path of the Danzig opposition is the policy which the Reich has now dictated to the Senate of Danzig. The devaluation is a direct blow at the Danzig Socialists, because of the tremendous impoverishment to which it subjects the working-class. Prices are already up by 50 per cent., and will go to 70 per cent., while wages remain at the pre-devaluation level. Further, the tendency for traffic to prefer Gdynia, in the circumstances, to Danzig is increasing unemployment. And now comes the new and glorious slave traffic which is being introduced. Germany, having fed Nazi Danzig with 3 million gulden a month until this spring, has now pretty well cut off supplies and, into the bargain, has defaulted on agricultural goods imported from Danzig. By way of compensation there came from the Reich the generous offer to relieve Danzig of her unemployed workers and superfluous officials and pensioners. Some 1,400 builders have already been sent into Germany; 700 have refused and are likely to be told that their unemployment relief will therefore be stopped, miserably low as it already is. (Two people on an average get ten gulden a week, now worth about 7*s.* 6*d.*). About 100 school-teachers are to go; they are told that they will otherwise be put on half-pay, which is now much less than half-pay in real value. So far this offer has been made almost exclusively to teachers known to hold anti-Nazi views, and they have nearly all refused to leave Danzig for a possible concentration camp. It should be mentioned that several non-Nazi Danzigers who have lately gone into the Reich have vanished completely. The opposition press is also pointing out that recent immigrants from Germany should be sent to the Reich, rather than people born in Danzig; Forster, the *Gauleiter* here, is an immigrant from Streicher's Franconia and belongs precisely to that noble type.

Can the opposition hold out and even win against the bleeding process with which they are faced? They are terribly eager to do so, for they believe that a Nazi defeat in Danzig would do much to destroy Nazi power in general, and arrest the barbarisation of Germany. As compared with the opposition in the Saar, they have two very substantial advantages. The fundamental sentiment of the Danziger is anti-Polish, and while the Nazis have had to make concessions to Poland, their opponents have a clean sheet in this regard. If they came into power, they would of course be compelled to keep on good terms with the Poles. Secondly, the Danzig opposition can point to the mess the Nazis have made. It does not follow that a system which breaks down in Danzig with its 400,000 inhabitants is bound to break down in Germany with her 66 millions. But it is a mistake to be too logical in politics. The Danzig opposition believe and hope that, with a little support from the League of Nations, they can deal a powerful blow to the iniquitous dictatorship which oppresses all Germany.

Danzig, July 19th, 1935.

A LONDON DIARY

IN the course of an admirable speech on the Home Office Air Raid Circular Lord Marley quoted the notorious boast of the late Secretary for Air. You will remember how it runs:

> I had the utmost difficulty at that time, amid public outcry, in preserving the use of the bombing aeroplane, even on the frontier of the Middle East and India.

Lord Londonderry at once interrupted. He said that this quotation was being exploited by the Labour Party up and down the country and had been explained by Mr. Eden in the House of Commons. Lord Marley, who suffers, I think, from a surfeit of politeness, apologised and went on to other matters. But why? Lord Londonderry does not deny that he used these words, and Mr. Eden's statement in the House of Commons is quite beside the point. Mr. Eden explained that the British Government's reservation in regard to frontier bombing was not responsible for wrecking the chances of an Air Convention. It is of course arguable that it would have broken down in any case. But an Air Minister who represents the Government at a Disarmament Conference and who boasts afterwards that he has succeeded in sabotaging it, is surely unfit for any position of public responsibility.

* * *

In dealing with the circular Lord Marley avoided the error of impartial denunciation of the whole thing. As long as attack is concentrated upon the provisions against gas, there is no possible reply. There can be no decent excuse for the suggestion that since adequate gas-masks cannot conceivably be provided for the whole population—let alone almost equally necessary gas-proof clothing—people's fear should be relieved by inducing them to buy cheap and useless masks. And the talk about using bleaching powder (which, incidentally, will be wanted in wartime for the manufacture of chlorine) in order to uncontaminate a gassed area must be almost as aggravating to the ordinary man as Major Freeth's now famous suggestion that we can all retire to a hot bath during an air-raid. Just imagine covering a gassed area of London with three inches of bleaching powder! But other parts of the circular have to

be taken more seriously. Even if we agree that it is partly an election dodge and partly designed to persuade to put us into the right frame of mind for arming in the air, local authorities must look after provisions and water supplies and may reasonably urge that here the circular does not go nearly far enough. Some intelligent people urge that we ought to lay in great stores of provisions as a "non-menacing form of armament." Lord Marley urged the Government to undertake the full national programme of bomb-proof shelters, which would cost twice as much as the total annual budget and which would certainly solve the unemployment problem for the time being!

* * *

The problem of finding a home for persecuted Jews is at least as old as Moses. In the years before the war there were serious efforts to found a Jewish colony in Angola, and, but for the war, the project of a settlement in Uganda might have been carried through. After the war we hoped that Palestine had solved the problem. But since the rise of a new race of Pharaohs with hearts even harder than the original ones, Palestine has proved insufficient and a new colony is urgently needed. Excellent work is done by bodies like the Jewish Refugees Committee and the Academic Assistance Committee which has just issued a record of a second year's achievement in finding jobs for refugee scholars. But there are still some 20,000 German refugees, of whom 80 per cent. are Jews, for whom no permanent or decent provision has been made, and if we include Jews who want to emigrate the number would run into seven figures. For in Poland the Jews are subjected to a silent economic persecution so severe that I am authoritatively told that at least a million never have enough to eat and are willing to go anywhere with no questions asked rather than remain to starve where they are. Their economic problem has been greatly aggravated by the 70,000 Polish Jews who lived in pre-Nazi Germany and who have since returned to Poland. The best piece of news so far is that the Russians actually have got going with their Jewish settlement at Biro-bidjan, which has a good climate and has unlimited possibilities of further development. The Russians are prepared to take a thousand more Jewish families there this year.

* * *

Meanwhile, the committees which have been working on the problem in Poland, France, Great Britain and the United States (other countries such as Sweden and Czechoslovakia are coming in too), have united their forces into a single Freeland Movement and hope to find suitable land for colonisation in South America. Mr. Macdonald, the League's Refugee Commissioner, has visited the site and reported favourably. The problem that remains is financial. No government will take settlers without any capital and most of the prospective settlers cannot even afford their passage money. But there is a possible solution. The new race of Pharaohs have this advantage over the old—they are ready to let the Jews go, without the compulsion of ten plagues, and in many cases in Germany the Hitler Government is naturally willing to spend money to get rid of people whom it officially holds to be "subhuman." The Poles at present prefer the starvation method, but they may be open to persuasion. The omens are at least sufficiently good to permit me to hope that the Jews' present wanderings in the wilderness will last less than forty years.

* * *

Jean Cocteau in his *Orphée* represented Death as a lovely girl wearing the white clothes and rubber gloves of a surgeon. During the last week a more appropriate symbol would have been one of those tweed-clad women with shooting-sticks whom we see photographed so often in the *Tatler* and *Sketch*, smiling and proud of the birds they have dropped. For one aeroplane after another has been brought down in a hideous *battue*. The Dutch air liners, famous for the skill and care with which they have been run, have been the victims of a special nemesis. But the circumstances of the accident at Heston seem to demand a fuller inquiry than they have received. The pilot, when asked for his explanation, answered, "The only thing I can say is that I must have had a very heavy load," the coroner said that he did not think that there had been even an error of judgment on the part of the pilot, and the jury brought in a verdict of accidental death. But there must have been an error of judgment somewhere, and questions have naturally been asked about the load carried on commercial machines. On most services the passengers and their luggage are weighed, and the aeroplane does not leave with more than its appropriate load. This precaution, which ought to be obligatory, was on this occasion not taken. I travelled myself the day after the accident in a commercial machine, and we flew at the height of about 500 feet over wooded and hilly country. The pilot, I presume, was trying to save five minutes. The view was, of course, much more enjoyable than it would have been from higher, but if our single engine had cut out, our chances of a safe landing would have been unnecessarily small. The smaller airlines ought, I suggest, to be compelled to follow the rules which Imperial Airways voluntarily observe.

* * *

I am not surprised to hear that the British Government is troubled about the effect of the threat to Abyssinia upon the minds of Africans all over the world. The latest symptom is the formation of an "International African Friends of Abyssinia" Society, which has a committee drawn from natives of the United States, the West Indies, the Gold Coast, British Guiana, Somaliland and East Africa. They are holding a meeting in the Farringdon Memorial Hall on July 28 at 8 p.m.

* * *

Of the various types of record hunting which delight correspondents in the *Times*, one of the more amusing to my mind is the collection of "links with the past." It sets one's imagination working to meet a painter, as I did only a few years ago, who had painted a portrait from life of Walter Savage Landor (Landor was born in 1775). And there is a house in England on a wall of which hang side by side the portraits of a man's two wives; the first was painted by Gainsborough, the second by Sargent. Before you call me credulous, try a little calculation. Gainsborough died in 1783, and a child painted by him in his last years would have been seventy in 1850. Suppose that she had married a man ten years younger than herself, and that as a septuagenarian he had in 1860 married as his second wife a girl of twenty. In her old age, you see, she might have been painted not only by Sargent, but by Duncan Grant or Wyndham Lewis. The best story of this sort I know is told, I fancy, by Mrs. Wharton. One of her neighbours owns a parrot which lives enveloped up to the neck in a flannel bag, because it has not a feather left. It used to belong to Madame du Barry. CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to R. M.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Mr. Justice Avory, by a codicil dated December 8, 1932, revoked legacies of £100 to his former coachman and chauffeur, £500 to King George's Fund for Sailors, and £500 to the British Red Cross Society. He did this "in view of reduction of salary, heavy taxation and depreciation of securities." His estate was worth £137,430.—*Daily Paper.*

Mr. Frank Rutter asks why we so rarely see pictures of cricket or rowing in the Royal Academy or other exhibitions. Is not the answer that the subjects do not readily lend themselves to vulgarisation or caricature, and that they are too beautiful to appeal to the modern school?—Letter in *Daily Telegraph.*

This method of tying a tie, taking the wide end *two complete turns* round the narrow one in forming the knot, constitutes the genuine "sailor's knot" of neckwear. No Old Etonian, at all events, would ever wear a tie knotted in any other way.—*Man and His Clothes.*

Although the Aga Khan loves the good things of life—he is a great gourmet and has his own cook—there is a very considerable spiritual side to his life. It is hard to pin him down exactly on this point. But he will admit to a strong feeling of the battle between good and evil. At any rate, he is a wonderfully good sportsman, and when Jack Joel offered him a blank cheque the other day for Bahram, he refused because he said he wanted in his decrepit old age to be wheeled alongside his Derby winner and say, "Well, that was a jolly day!"—*Bystander.*

All sound-thinking Britons will wish Italy well in the great enterprise to which she has set her hand. The day that Mussolini establishes Italian authority over the ancient but barbaric land of Ethiopia will complete the beneficial progress by which Europe has brought law, order, and public health to a continent which less than a century ago was plunged in primitive misery.—Lord Rothermere in *Daily Mail.*

THE GLORIOUS TWELFTH AND AFTER

[By a Special Correspondent in Belfast.]

Irish political life in North and South is traditionally inflammable, and I have been too long familiar with these religious hatreds to risk apportioning blame for the actual outbreak of disturbance to one side or the other. Apart from religious fanaticism there is a hooligan element in Belfast—the product of poverty and neglect—which attaches itself indifferently to either party and which always exists as a reserve of potential violence easily exploited for political purposes. Anything may begin loot and murder in this atmosphere and no one knows for certain what starts it. If I have on this occasion seen reason to hold the Orangemen more responsible than the Green for the development and intensity of the disturbances, that is not because I have any liking for political Catholicism—which I, in fact, hold in the deepest distrust—but because of what I have actually seen and learnt on the spot during these latest troubles.

It must be remembered first that Protestants and Catholics are unfortunately, and most misleadingly, divided for the purposes of popular description into "Loyalists" and "Rebels." These misnomers suit the dominant Unionist-Orange faction; they serve to disguise the fact that large numbers of Orangemen are, in important respects, demonstrably disloyal even to Lord Craigavon's Government, while similarly many Catholics are as "loyal" as their hereditary opponents. It must be understood too that the political life of Ulster is dominated by the Orange Lodges, and that a peculiar feature of political life throughout the Province is the use of accordion bands (drawn from the more or less slum areas) and what are known as "drumming parties." Huge bass drums, of a size unknown in this country and so heavy that many of them have to be carried by two men, are employed to drown opposition speeches and meetings. These giant drums produce the strangest noise when beaten with short canes furnished with grip-handles. These drums, beaten in unison, can drown every sound for a distance of a quarter of a mile; the effect is ear-shattering. Both the Protestants and Catholics employ bands and hooligan gangs, but those of the Protestants are numerically and financially more powerful and better organised.

English newspaper readers do not realise that the present riots are the climax of a sequence of events extending over more than a month.

I was present at the riot on June 12th which followed a public demonstration organised by the Ulster Protestant League. On that evening I met a huge Protestant mob, complete with accordion bands, surging up the main business thoroughfare and bringing the traffic of the city to a standstill for over an hour. I am very used to demonstrations, peaceful and the reverse, and I had no doubt that this one was out for trouble. The police are always armed with revolvers, but my fears were not allayed when three armoured cars arrived on the scene and accompanied the demonstration together with some hundreds of armed police. But neither armoured cars nor foot police made the smallest attempt to break up and disperse the mob nor even to divert it from approaching the Catholic quarters. As the crowd surged into York Street, a bomb was thrown into a shop, every window in the Labour Club was smashed and the fronts of Catholic shops were smashed in with stones and iron bolts. Nine armoured cars were now on the spot; but the mob, completely out of hand, surged along York Street, shouting abuse at the police and threats against all Catholics. The tale of destruction and mob violence (for which the ratepayers have to pay heavily) need be told no further, but I wondered at the time why the Home Minister and the chief of police (a) allowed an obviously unlawful assembly to proceed on its way to York Street, and (b) why nine armoured cars and a huge force of armed police were unable to effect even the one arrest which they attempted.

This riot was only the beginning of the trouble. On June 14th a mob, returning from Donegall Quay after seeing a party of juvenile Orangemen off on the Glasgow boat, made an attempt to get into the Catholic area between Great George's Street and Lancaster Street. Revolver shots were fired direct at the police from the Protestant end of Great George's Street. The disturbances continued over the week-end and a girl of fifteen years of age, on her way down Earl Street to Mass at St. Joseph's Church, was shot at by a Protestant gang and wounded. A civilian and a police sergeant were similarly wounded by revolver fire. Continued trouble led to an Order being issued by Sir Dawson Bates, Minister for Home Affairs, banning all processions of any kind—other than funerals—or the assembly of any groups or bodies of persons in any public place in or about the City of Belfast.

The most serious sequel to these events was a speech by Sir Joseph Davison, County Grand Master of the Orange Lodges, in which he openly defied Sir Dawson Bates's Order and said that he acknowledged the right of no Government, Ulster or Imperial, to stop Orangemen from marching. The capitulation of the Northern Ireland Government to this Orange threat was preceded by Orange processions with bands and sashes. Headed by the Lord Carson Flute Band the procession was stopped near Donegall Street by the police. The procession, in defiance of the Home Minister and police, marched through the troubled area of York Street and neighbouring districts. The police contented themselves with taking names and addresses. This open flouting of the armed police and of the Home Minister was viewed by the heads of the police department from the York Street Police Barracks without further intervention.

In the light of these developments it was easy to predict that one of two things must happen—either Sir Dawson Bates would give way to Orange intimidation or at the next election he and Lord Craigavon would find themselves out of office. On June 26th Sir Dawson issued a further Order removing the ban.

The next incident occurred at the close of the Anniversary of the Battle of the Somme at the Garden of Remembrance. Fierce fighting broke out. Orange mobs menaced the Catholic quarter of Carrick Hill. In the Millfield area Catholic houses and public houses were smashed up. A policeman was wounded and a great deal of damage was done to property. The toll of damage and compensation to be paid by ratepayers was officially announced before the Belfast Recorder (Judge Thompson). Further wild scenes were witnessed on July 3rd in the Shankhill Road, Crumlin Road and Agnes Street.

Sir Joseph Davison's open defiance of Sir Dawson Bates's ban on processions left little room for doubt that "the Glorious Twelfth" would this year prove exciting and violent. On that day I accompanied the Orange procession from the centre of the city to the great field at Belmont, some miles distant. It was an impressive sight—forty thousand men wearing the masonic-looking satin sashes and cuffs of the Loyal Orange Lodges; between 150 and 200 great painted banners of the Lodges; officials and clergymen in wagonettes and open carriages drawn by black horses with flowing tails; two-thirds of the Lodges preceded by Marshals with drawn swords

which flashed in the scorching sun ; 172 bands playing " Derry Walls," " Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue," " Abide With Me," and " Onward Christian Soldiers." For miles we walked in the dust of the road to Stormont, where the white Parliament House stands imposingly in woods and open fields. Scottish uniforms predominated in the ranks of the bands, some of the fife-bands being as smart and well-turned out as the bands of the Highland regiments—a striking contrast to some of the tag-rag-and-bobtail accordion bands with their " drum-majors " dancing almost hysterically, throwing their beribboned staffs in the air and working their followers into a strange state of pent up excitement. Most of the processionists were grave-looking and responsible men of the bourgeois type, with a sprinkling of those whom one would judge to be artisans. On the way out the procession was, on the whole, well-ordered.

On the return journey a number of the banner bearers were executing dance steps whilst staggering under the great weight of the massive poles and yards of bellying painted canvas. Some of the " drum-majors " had increased their antics to a point which made me expect police interference. But it was with the return of the Lodges to the battle area of York Street that the trouble broke on us in full force. A revolver shot was fired. It is freely alleged, though not proven, that the shot was fired by a Catholic. Not even I, as an eye-witness, could possibly say from whom or from where the shot came. Charges and counter-charges are exchanged irresponsibly.

To show how quickly unfounded rumours get abroad I need quote only one incident. I was in the centre of scenes of disorder one Saturday night at the bottom of North Street within a stone's-throw of the Grand Central Hotel. I witnessed assaults by Orangemen on the police and attempts were made to wrest the rifles from the hands of the police. A sergeant threatened to shoot and a dozen men, shouting filthy abuse, dared him to put a bullet through them while their accomplices roughly handled his colleagues. The police behaved with remarkable restraint—as indeed they did throughout the whole of the days and nights that I spent in the riot areas. The mob were out of hand. They spotted three men they knew or believed to be Catholics. The men were in for a murderous assault and instinctively they took to their heels. The mob threw the police aside and gave chase. I have never before seen the blood-lust written so horribly on human faces. At once the cry went up " Get them, they've got guns." I was within touching-distance of the men and I saw that they had no guns. But the men were good runners and they disappeared into Lower Donegall Street where the mob hesitated to follow for fear of ambush. The police quickly threw a cordon across and slowly forced back the yelling gang.

My police permit enabled me to remain in the curfew areas during the prohibited hours ; I talked with the police officers as they stood with rifles at the " ready," and I talked with firemen and salvage-corps men who worked all night extinguishing a dozen burned out Catholic homes. Long after my return to my hotel, when the sun was rising over the hills, the fire-bells were clanging where the extinguished fires had been re-lighted by Protestants bent on exterminating their opponents. The dead and injured kept a fleet of ambulances running at top speed to the Mater Hospital. Lorry-loads of military poured into the battle area equipped with fixed bayonets and steel helmets, and the scenes were comparable only to a Flanders town with the leaping flames and the sharp reports of rifles.

I have said that the police behaved with remarkable forbearance. It was right and wise to avoid any unnecessary violence that would further excite unruly crowds, but these crowds were running amok ; they were out for, and were committing, murder. The police had done long hours of duty. Was it fear that restrained them—fear of increased mob-violence—or fear of their Orange masters in and out of Parliament ? Was it the recollection of the trouble made for the police by a certain Unionist M.P. in the House of Commons when on a previous occasion the police took strong measures with their batons against this M.P.'s Unionist constituents ?

I have no partiality to one side or the other in the tragic consequences of misrule in Ulster. But the Northern Ireland Government is furnished with unparalleled powers under the Civil Authorities (Special Powers) Acts, 1922 and 1933, by which Habeas Corpus is abrogated and dictatorial powers are given to the Home Minister and (by a decree of the last few weeks) to the Inspector-General of the Royal Ulster Constabulary. Yet misrule and abuse of authority masquerade under the guise of loyalty and Protestant fervour. Lord Craigavon's Government, claiming to have the solid backing of all Protestants in the Six Counties, depends for its continued existence from day to day on the favour of the Officers and rank and file of the Orange Lodges.

With a full appreciation of the difficult position in which any Government in Northern Ireland finds itself we are justified in saying that the gravest responsibility rests upon Sir Joseph Davison for his defiance and his incitement to mob-rule, and upon Sir Dawson Bates for his capitulation to direct intimidation. When I left the city the trouble was spreading in spite of the presence of the military, and reports continue to arrive which suggest that the tragedy of the " Glorious Twelfth " has by no means run its course.

A. E.

A. E. who died last week, occupied an extraordinary position in modern Ireland. He was recognised as a prophet by thousands of people, many of whom cared little for his poetry, disliked his painting, and could make nothing of the mystical philosophy that was at the heart of his prophetic genius. Apart from social and political matters, he made comparatively few converts to his opinions, but almost everyone who met him became a convert, so to speak, to his greatness. Sitting at work in his upper room in Merrion Square, he was a magnet, not so much for disciples as for delighted listeners to some of the most wonderful talk ever heard in Dublin. Many of those who visited him for the first time must have thrown a perplexed glance at the walls of the room, on which he had painted his pictures of plumed spirit-forms with flames coming out of their backs, looking (as someone said) like Red Indians, and wondered whether the painter of such eccentric stuff could be taken seriously. But A. E. had only to begin talking for the spell to begin to work. And he talked to the most unimportant visitor as though talking were his life's work and as though he could go on talking for ever. He was a monologuist—one of the few monologuists to whom one could listen for hours without being bored.

Sitting in his chair and smoking a pipe—during the last twenty years he smoked a mixture of tobacco and dried colt's-foot leaves, a wartime invention—he was the very picture of copious benevolence as he talked. John Eglinton has described him in his early life as " a tall youth, with shoulders stooped in the eagerness of perpetual talk, grey and kindly quizzical eyes twinkling behind his glasses, a mass of mouse-coloured hair, and a pugnacious mouth presently hidden behind a benevolent-looking beard " ; and one had much the same impression of A. E. till the end. His conversation might consist of a torrent of ideas or a succession of jocular memories, but it was always entrancing because of its energy, its fire, its humour, and its kindliness. He had a marvellous memory, both for what he had read and for what he had experienced. He could illustrate something that he was saying by quoting verbatim a page of prose from a book about Russia that he had read, and he could remember every comic detail about his relations with every odd character he had ever known in Dublin. There are few traces of humour in his writings, but he had a boundless sense of fun in his talk, not least when he was talking of George Moore's apostolic mission to Ireland. Towards the end of his life, he said, he kept urging young writers to sit down and compose a comic saga of Dublin life, based on the stories of the strange characters of the city while they were still remembered.

One of the astonishing things about A. E. was that his talk was so universal in range and yet that he went about the world so little. He had not the ordinary passion for seeing things. Few Irishmen of his standing had visited England so seldom before the War, and even as regards Dublin, when I once spoke to him of the rebuilding of O'Connell Street, then in progress, he said that he had not seen it as he had not been across O'Connell Bridge—a few hundred yards from his office—for the last six months. His adventures were spiritual, not physical. "Sitting in your chair," he once wrote, "you can travel farther than even Columbus travelled, and to lordlier worlds than his eyes had rested on. Are you tired of surfaces? Come with me, and we will bathe in the Fountains of Youth. I can point you the way to El Dorado." Many people find this kind of writing a little too transcendental for human nature's daily food, but you had only to look at A. E.'s serene and unwrinkled face—"smooth and serene as a baby's," as someone said—to feel that here at least was a visionary who had bathed in those mystical fountains.

It was the visionary in him, I imagine, that enabled him to remain so imperturbable during years in which horror and tragedy were all around him. His imperturbability, it is scarcely necessary to say, was never that of aloofness or indifference. No man was more quickly roused to passion by injustice. On the eve of the War, when Larkin had awakened the slum-dwellers of Dublin out of their apathy, A. E. thundered like an Old Testament prophet against employers who were content to perpetuate a system that left men and women with immortal souls to live in squalor and their children to starve. His spirit rose to celebrate an act of heroism. He was not a Sinn Feiner, but he wrote a flaming poem in honour of Terence MacSwiney, Lord Mayor of Cork, who died as the result of a hunger-strike in an English prison. Standing outside party politics, he was on the side of all who fought the good fight and seemed by their lives to be doing something to bring back the lost Heroic Age. In all his social propaganda, when he was preaching co-operation, he was inspired by the vision of an Ireland peopled by noble characters. "Wherever there is mutual aid . . ." he declared, "wherever there is constant give-and-take, wherever the prosperity of the individual depends on the prosperity of the community about him, there the social order tends to produce fine types of character, with a devotion to public ideas; and this is the real object of all government." A. E. believed in co-operative dairies, not chiefly because of the butter they would produce, but because of the character they would produce in the Irish people.

Thus A. E.'s propaganda, his journalism, and his verse were all one. In all of them he called on his fellows, "outcasts from deity," to return and regain their lost heritage. As editor of the *Irish Homestead* and the *Irish Statesman*, no less than in his poetry, he was the prophet of a vision. In his prose, however, he was more often a comminating prophet than in his verse, attacking what he regarded as the vices of the Irish people and on one occasion writing: "Dante had a place in his Inferno for the joyless souls; and, if his conception be true, the population of that circle will be largely modern Irish."

Loving his country and devoting his life to its service, he had none of the passions of a partisan, and cared little for national flags and anthems. He wrote his apologia as a somewhat detached visionary in the poem entitled "On Behalf of Some Irishmen Not Followers of Tradition," ending with the lines:

> We would no Irish sign efface,
> But yet our lips would gladlier hail
> The first-born of the Coming Race.
> Than the last splendour of the Gael
> No blazoned banner we unfold—
> One charge alone we give to youth,
> Against the sceptred myth to hold
> The golden heresy of truth.

In reply to those who describe heretics like himself as aliens, he wrote:

> We fling our answer back with scorn:
> "We are less children of this clime
> Than of some nation yet unborn
> Or empire in the womb of time.
> We hold the Ireland in the heart
> More than the land our eyes have seen,
> And love the goal for which we start
> More than the tale of what has been."

Freedom of the spirit, even more than social or political freedom, is the goal which A. E. sees as the true goal of mankind. He thinks of men as oppressed and imprisoned not by foreign governments, but by their own preoccupation with temporal things and their indifference to the things of eternity. The "outcasts from deity" do not want to regain their lost divinity. In "The Twilight of Earth" he cries:

> Will no one, ere it is too late,
> Ere fades the last memorial gleam,
> Recall for us our earlier state?
> For nothing but so vast a dream
> That it would scale the steeps of air
> Could rouse us from so vast despair.
>
> The power is ours to make or mar
> Our fate as on the earliest morn,
> The Darkness and the Radiance are
> Creatures within the spirit born.
> Yet, bathed in gloom too long, we might
> Forget how we imagined light.
>
> Not yet are fixed the prison bars;
> The hidden light the spirit owns,
> If blown to flame would dim the stars
> And they who rule them from their thrones:
> And the proud sceptred spirits thence
> Would bow to pay us reverence.

Many people find poetry of this kind nebulous, like the transcendental prose of Emerson. And it must be owned that, while A. E.'s verse expresses nobly the vision of the spirit, too little of the vision of the eyes has gone to its making. The world represented in it seems at times to be a world of the disembodied moving among jewelled lights. At the same time, while scarcely anyone would compare A. E.'s stature as a poet with that of Mr. Yeats, he was a poet of true and original genius. He was a man who increased the magnanimity of his age both by his life and by his writings, and he wrote poem upon poem that can still enchant the imagination even of those who do not share his vision. Y. Y.

BLACK AFRICA AND ABYSSINIA

WHAT is black Africa thinking of the Italo-Abyssinian crisis? That the African is thinking about it a great deal is clear enough. In West Africa, from which the writer comes, pictures were published in a Gold Coast paper as far back as March last, showing the Ethiopian emperor inspecting his latest acquisition of machine guns, while a Gold Coast official recently informed me of an illiterate Nigerian who had declared that he intended, in the event of a war between Italy and Abyssinia, to go to Abyssinia to fight the Italians.

It is not the Italians only, but the whole white world, that stands arraigned before black African opinion. The picture of the Italian is fused into that of the white man in most African minds, literate as well as illiterate. Nor would it have made any difference had there been no body like the League of Nations in existence to complicate the problem.

For in some of the fiery speeches of Mussolini and his henchmen both before and during the last assembly of the League were allusions to principles underlying white-black political relations; these may have a deeper meaning for African readers than some white people suspect. There was a reference to Asia as ceasing to offer a field of exploitation to European powers, and to the growing necessity to find compensation in Africa. Again there was the oblique appeal for white solidarity in the charge against some European States that they were betraying white civilisation by supplying arms to Abyssinia. And when there is an actual boycott of arms to

Abyssinia in spite of the fact that Italy is admittedly the aggressor, the African draws the inference that the continued political subjection of the coloured races is considered necessary for the economic well-being of the white colonial powers. It has not escaped the notice of many Africans that one of the most influential political writers in England to-day has declared on more than one occasion that the promise of self-government ought never to have been made to India.

The West African to-day is no longer unconcerned about East Africa, and wherever he looks, from the Cape right up to Kenya, he sees the white man and the black in the relation of exploiter and exploited. Even in Northern Rhodesia, which is directly under the Imperial Government, he knows that until two years ago a married white man contributed nothing to the revenue of the country by way of direct taxation if his income was below £800 a year, while the £7 a year native paid ten shillings as poll tax. And he read in the Johannesburg *Sunday Times* (of May 5th last) that "the Union stands uncompromisingly for the paramountcy of the white races, not only within its own borders, but likewise throughout the continent of Africa."

The principle of white solidarity is not new. It has always been known in British imperial relations as "White Men's Prestige." It is a principle which, however useful politically, is morally destructive for both blacks and whites; it stands in the way of the teaching of any sound system of morals in Africa. For, in keeping with the principle, offences charged against white men by Africans very often go uninvestigated, and white men who kill negroes are given a special trial even in British West Africa. If the Italo-Abyssinian crisis develops into war, we may expect to find the laws of sedition used against outspoken editors even in a colony like the Gold Coast. For, as in the Union of South Africa and in Kenya, sedition in that colony is now held to include any act which is likely to stir up the feelings of the blacks against the whites. Responsible leaders on the Gold Coast assert that the immediate cause of this novel sedition law was the interest shown in the Scottsboro trial and the resulting publicity given in some local papers to the treatment of negroes in the United States. And all the whites on the Gold Coast last year, irrespective of nationality, were in favour of this Bill being passed.

The Abyssinian crisis has provided an unrivalled opportunity for the black peoples of Africa to view themselves in the mirror of European opinion. And what they see has been not only unflattering but saddening. They have noted with surprise the earlier attempts of the League to shelve appeals of Abyssinia. They have noted also the annoyance shown by European States at the idea of the independence of such a tenth-rate power as Abyssinia being allowed to jeopardise the peace of Europe, even though she is a full member of the League. They will watch with greater interest still the progress of the present attempt to persuade Ethiopia to stand down from her place in the League in order that Italy may despoil her of territory without disturbing the sweet amity which prevails within the League.

The African sees in all this that white opinion in the twentieth century still regards him as a creature with imperfect human rights; that there is a general agreement in the white world as to the role, political as well as economic, which he should play on the world stage—that of a hewer of wood and drawer of water for the white man. The white man will do the black man justice only in so far as his interests are not affected. He may perhaps be excused if he lacks the sophistication to see why the requirements of higher diplomacy—of *Realpolitik*—should conflict with the demands of justice. And perhaps white civilisation itself will some day come to see that lasting peace, not to speak of justice, cannot be secured by means of injustice.

N. A. FADIPE

HOLIDAYS.—*Subscribers going on holiday are asked to send Changes of Address, to arrive not later than Wednesday Morning—N. S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.*

Correspondence

SHARING THE WORLD

SIR,—Mr. Lansbury has given effective expression to a conception of world policy which I ventured to raise in 1931. It is that the conditions of peace do not now exist, and that it is futile to preach contentment to great nations which are denied the means of contentment. In international as in domestic affairs it is merely stupid to blame the "agitators" and not the injustices that produce agitation.

There is an international "Error of Distribution." The world's useful land area is about 34 million square miles, and the British and French Empires cover some 19 million square miles. Germany and Italy have an aggregate population of 108 millions, living and working on a mere 300,000 square miles, an area for the most part of poor natural resources. In my *Can War be Averted?* I said in 1931:

> The present attitude of wealthy or great nations towards the world is that, by virtue of innate superiority, they have the right to dictate war or peace, as may suit them, to other nations. Thus it is not uncommon in recent pseudo-pacifist utterances to find the astonishing proposal that the natural wealth of the United States and the British Empire should be combined to impose "peace" upon the rest of the world. Those who make this monstrous suggestion seem to be quite unaware of its true character—that it would mean the dictation of the *status quo* to nations poor either because of lack of natural resources or because the victims of past conquest, or for both reasons.

In an American book just issued, the *Price of Peace*, I find a parallel passage, which runs:

> American and British efforts on behalf of world peace have amounted to no more than an effort to persuade peoples less happily situated than themselves economically that, however bad their material circumstances, war could only make these worse. They have thus invited all peoples to join them in a partnership to preserve peace but have reserved for themselves the profits of such peace, while leaving to the others the privilege of paying the costs.

The issue raised by Mr. Lansbury must either be faced and resolved or the "next war" is indeed inevitable.

Royal Societies Club. L. CHIOZZA MONEY

[We notice that Sir Daniel Stevenson raises the same issue in a letter to the *Manchester Guardian*. He urges giving Italy and Germany mandates. The real point to our mind is the accessibility of economic resources—the solution lies in international control, not in exchanges of national ownership.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

NO PASSPORT

SIR,—May we direct your attention to an unusual step which the Government of India has taken to penalise advanced opinions? Mr. M. R. Masani, a barrister of Bombay, on arriving recently in London had his passport impounded by the Foreign Office on instructions from India. He will receive a permit to return to his own country, but the right to travel is, with this exception, denied to him, now and in the future.

When at question time on Monday Mr. Grenfell desired to know the reason for this action, Mr. Butler replied for the India Office that "they were informed by the Government of India that, owing to his Communist activities, he was not deserving of a passport for travelling abroad."

The implications of this answer are interesting. A passport is apparently regarded in India as a reward for meritorious opinions—a doctrine as dangerous as it is novel. We need not raise the question whether a belief in Communism would be an adequate ground for a refusal of the right to travel.

The Government of India is misinformed. Mr. Masani is not a Communist. He was, during a former residence in England, a member of the Labour Party. He is now a councillor of the Bombay Municipality, a member of the Executive Council of the Bombay Provincial Congress Committee, and one of the secretaries of the Socialist Party within the Indian National Congress. This group, like the larger organisation to which it belongs, is a lawful association pledged to non-violence.

Mr. Masani came to England with an invitation from the Socialist League to address meetings under its auspices. The Government of India can hardly fail to know that Mr. Masani's Party, so far from having any affiliation to the Third International, is the butt of continual Communist attacks. To call every Liberal a Radical and every Socialist a Communist is a trick

of the Party hack that rarely does much harm. It is a grave matter, however, when a Government resorts to it. This confusion led at Meerut to the imprisonment under trial for over three years of a number of Socialists and Trade Unionists for activities and expressions of opinion that the whole Labour Movement in this country would endorse. The same confused thinking is now used to deprive this leader of the young Indian Socialist Movement of the right to travel. "Communist" has become in India a name for any opinions that the bureaucracy dislikes. It is singular that opinions that are no bar to the highest office in this country should condemn Indians to segregation within their own borders.

BERTRAND RUSSELL
HAROLD J. LASKI
H. N. BRAILSFORD

THE BELFAST RIOTS

SIR,—As a constant reader of your paper I looked forward with interest to your comments on the present political and religious situation in Northern Ireland. In connection with your comment might I point out:

1. Bad feeling has persisted since the Jubilee celebrations during which Union Jacks were pulled down and burnt, and Jubilee badges snatched from school-children.

2. The Orangemen on July 12th were proceeding in a perfectly orderly manner when they were fired upon. During the subsequent rioting a Protestant was killed. The funeral procession was fired upon. Then came reprisals.

3. With regard to the deaths—of the eight recorded to date (July 20th) six were Protestants. The following is on a gable-wall in a Roman Catholic quarter of Belfast:

SCORE.
Protestants—2. Catholics—6.
You can loot, but we can shoot.

These periodic disturbances are carefully planned to break out at important occasions—a favourite time is just before the arrival of a royal visitor. The present ones have quite effectively destroyed the Cross-Channel tourist traffic.

I am sure that when the Council for the Preservation of Civil Liberties comes to Northern Ireland to examine the special powers of the police authorities that they will be treated in a considerate manner. They might also inquire into the drillings of the Irish Republican Army in the Six Counties. I should not, however, advise them to pursue their investigations on the other side of the Border.

NORTH OF IRELAND
Belfast.

SIR,—When I read in your paper that "The Orange runs amok," I cannot refrain from thinking that the situation in Northern Ireland has been proverbially misunderstood once again by sections of the English press. The Belfast riots have been a signal for this press to attack the Government at Stormont, to deny that there is either civil or religious liberty in Northern Ireland, and to accuse the Orangemen of causing the recent riots.

Now, I think one is justified in asking the question: "Who was responsible for the outbreak of these riots?" To my mind, it is fairly evident that an Orange procession returning home is not likely suddenly to attack the onlookers, unless these show that they are not friendly disposed; in other words, such a procession does not break up without considerable provocation from the spectators. It is only human nature to retaliate; blame must be attributed to both sides, but in this case more to the Nationalists. The same is applicable to the attacks on the funeral processions.

It is strange to accuse the Northern Government of weakness for not having banned the celebrations of the "Twelfth," when it is realised that trouble would not be started by "loyalists." That the minority should dictate to the majority, which I suggest the banning of the procession would have been, is wrong. To deny that there is religious liberty is to refuse to face the facts. As to civil liberty, it is sufficient to point out that it does exist in so far as the State itself is not endangered, and force is not used. If the Government is accused of discrimination, which is, as one would expect, denied by the Orangemen, one must remember that times are not normal yet and a strong Government is therefore necessary. To say that civil and religious liberty does not exist, because hooligans of both opinions insist on fighting each other, would be the same as denying the existence of liberty in U.S.A., because gangsters are active in many cities.

All level-minded persons must deplore these disgraceful riots. That Protestant and Catholic should fight against each other in the twentieth century seems almost incredible. It is high time the people of Northern Ireland behaved more in keeping with their so-called Christian faith. It is deplorable that Protestant is synonymous with Loyalist, and Catholic with non-Loyalist. Peace will not come until this has been altered.

University Philosophical Society F. D. SQUIRE
Trinity College, Dublin.

[We pointed out that the Government had taken dictatorial powers (it may be from necessity), and our complaint was that they are not being used impartially. Our special correspondent's article in this week's issue seems to us to put the situation in perspective.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

LONDON AT LEISURE

SIR,—Will you allow me to correct a bad slip in my review of the New Survey of London, and at the same time a small though not trivial printer's error? In commenting on the remarkable statistics of prostitution I should have said that thirty years ago nearly 20 per cent. of the women in penal and corrective institutions admitted themselves to be prostitutes. It is this category which has disappeared.

In speaking of the disappearance of the static working-class family through the emergence of new occupations, I referred to the *variety* (not vanity) of the Londoner's personal and family interests.

S. K. RATCLIFFE

LABOUR HONOURS

SIR,—I am glad that Mr. Hamilton Fyfe finds my theory of the place of Honours in a reformed society "innocent." It is certainly innocent of the cynicism which finds in the modern State merely an organisation based on force for the support of an antiquated economic system. I am not sure whether his Chinese proverb is equally innocent, or whether the allusion to universal contentment is not meant to postpone the acceptance of honours, even by the good man, to the Greek Kalends.

May I take the opportunity of pointing out that in my previous letter a "not" was omitted in the sentence with reference to the State? It should have run: "However basic its economic structure may be, the relations this imposes are not the only phase of the social life it organises."

J. H. MUIRHEAD

THE HOLY SPIRIT AS CHAIRMAN

SIR,—It is curious how differently the same statement will affect different people.

I do not belong to an "Oxford Group" or hold any brief for them, but happen to have been thinking a good deal along the lines of the need of the Holy Spirit to effect a real revolution. So that when I read that extract about the business manager wanting the Holy Spirit in the chair, it did not occur to me that the principal aim of that particular business would be concentrated on high profits. Rather, it seemed to me, if we could secure a large proportion of our business under such management, we might even find our business world dropping the profits motive and giving quite a practical lead to the Socialist church militant here on earth.

ARTHUR ST. JOHN

Miscellany

THE NAVAL REVIEW

JULY 16TH. Flew to Portsmouth for the Naval Review. From the picket the Fleet looked superb, four lines of ships stretching to the horizon, all dressed with flags. Odd how the Navy stirs in one feelings of pride and admiration which the Army never does, and I wonder if many pacifists are honestly immune to these. It begins, I suppose, with Captain Marryat in the nursery, and then *The Revenge* and "Nelson and the North" and *The Fighting Temeraire* and "Brave Kempenfelt" and a hundred other poems and stories and pictures. At my prep school the two causes for which we were most often invited to subscribe our pennies were Dr. Barnardo's Homes and the Navy League: the lecturers were unutterably boring, and I've detested these two organisations ever since. But when I see the great grey ships, I'm always bowled over. There is something repulsive about the Army,

its object is to turn men into machines—the sight of the Guards on parade, for instance, is impressive but slightly disgusting, because it seems a degradation to make automata of human beings. Naval discipline has not this inhuman quality—each sailor seems to have a slightly different job to do, and is trained to be handy rather than mechanical. And by contrast the Marines in a ship strike one as rather absurd.

H.M.S. *Nelson*, to which the Admiralty Press Bureau has assigned me, is our most modern battleship, completed in 1929. There is a collection on board of Nelson relics, and in the Wardroom I am delighted to find a print of Lady Hamilton. To-day there were about three hundred guests, mostly women; the arrangements for this invasion were most efficient, food excellent. I don't think that the Admiralty comes very well out of the history of the last War, but the efficiency of officers and men always seems to me very high. It is odd that the sort of people who take most pride in the efficiency of the Navy are usually the most bigoted anti-socialists. Isn't this efficiency evidence in favour of state ownership?

The Royal Yacht looks elegant in a demurely old-fashioned way: already she belongs to the past as completely as a frigate. On each ship, as she passed, the band played *God Save the King*, and the sailors cheered, lining the quarterdeck with arms outstretched. There are over thirteen hundred in the *Nelson;* and that dowdy and obsolete metal, brass, is still used for fittings, chiefly, I fancy, because it needs constant cleaning and therefore keeps a number of the crew busy. A battleship is really a single enormous and prodigiously complicated machine, and I get a schoolboy fun from moving about in her intricacies, climbing down ladders which burn my hands to the engine-room and up the sort of skyscraper which contains her controls. I watched the Review from the highest point of the ship, talking to a Petty Officer, who told me how vastly conditions had improved in the Navy in the last ten years. He added that the younger men did not know their luck. (I know that there is still a good deal of discontent among seamen. Both the Russian and German revolutions began in the navy, and it is odd that established governments never seem to realise the paramount importance to them of contentment among sailors.)

I went ashore for dinner, and was returning on the picket when suddenly she stopped, the White Ensign was lowered, and the sailors stood to attention—it was sunset. These traditions have a powerful poetry. When the Admiral left the ship to pay his respects to the King, the boatswains were standing by to blow their whistles; and the little shrill crescendo had a ghostlike sound there below the great gun-turrets, like a voice from the backwaters of history. I know nothing of these naval traditions, except that I must take off my hat as I go on to the quarterdeck; and consequently I feel more shy here than I have felt for years.

I have never seen a more staggering spectacle than the illuminations this evening. First the Battleships and Cruisers outlined in lights, which reduced them to flat cut out silhouettes, while the Destroyers were merely two lines of light meeting at an angle at the masthead. Later there was darkness, and then at the same moment from every ship a "bouquet" of rockets, so that the sky over an area of some six square miles was pierced by a thousand "arrows of desire," which then expanded into a sea of multicoloured curling falling plumes, the keenest direct visual pleasure in my experience. (I think the movement of a rocket has curious erotic analogies.) After the rockets the searchlights, co-ordinated by wireless control, performed an elaborate ballet in the night sky: at one moment we were beneath the facets of a sapphire hundreds of feet high, then the horizontal rays formed a canopy above our heads or swung round like spokes suddenly conjuring up ship after ship, only to annihilate them at once with darkness. The most overwhelming effect was when they built an architecture of light, girder after girder being swung into its diagonal plane till we were looking at the base and lowest storey of a tower ten times wider and higher than Eiffel's. I don't know who the naval Reinhardt is, but he has done a marvellous job, and the execution was of an astounding precision. A sight I shall never forget.

JULY 17TH. At eight this morning the King led the Fleet out to Exercises in the Channel. The great ships are at their most impressive steaming in line, one grey tower behind another. The lines of a Battleship are too broken to be beautiful, but they convey a sense of menacing formidable power. Salvos were fired from other ships at the wireless-controlled *Centurion*, and also at a towed target—the coloured clouds of smoke streaked with flame are terrific. In my ignorance I was amazed at the time a shell took on its way, at least half a minute, I fancy, before one saw the splash six miles away. Then the robot seaplane, or Queen Bee, appeared, flying with exemplary obedience. These wireless controlled ships and planes, now used only as targets, might eventually be used in warfare, I suppose: a fleet of Queen Bees loaded with explosives, controlled by one man-piloted machine, could carry out a raid. It is a pity that these infernal engines cannot have it out with one another, whilst we, their creators and victims, remain at a safe distance, like men watching the battles of their hawks. The Queen Bee was hit by the *Rodney*, and so the quickfiring anti-aircraft guns on the *Nelson* had no chance to show their effectiveness. I don't presume to have any idea how far such inventions can secure a ship from air attack. But a Battleship, I think, costs more than two thousand fast bombers, and couldn't two hundred put her out of action? But while we think in terms of ten Battleships, we do not think in the equivalent terms of twenty thousand bombers. I think we soon shall.

At luncheon sat next James Douglas—he has charm and good looks. (His face reminded me of Norman Douglas's: this surprised me.) All the officers I talked to were delightful: as a result of their early segregation and rigidly regulated life, they are men apart, rather as monks are. They certainly have the pleasantest manners of any class in the country, a courtesy entirely without stiffness. And why, I wonder, have they almost all got blue eyes? Is it a Viking ancestry which sounds the call of the sea, or are candidates for Dartmouth chosen partly for their pigmentation?

RAYMOND MORTIMER

OMEN OF THE ENEMY

[*On Friday, July 12th, a cormorant, usual disguise of the Evil One, alighted once again on the cross of St. Paul's.*]

SITTING once, his webbed feet furled on the flange of the cross,
His black flappers furled on the gold, the fairy bird,
The Enemy, surveys London. It is his. And the cross either
Of Paul or Jesus, having failed, must as defeat bear him.

What do you want, Bird? Bombs on London? O.K. by us.
Bombs on Berlin, Paris, where you will, the fool Swiss dove.
We've done our best for you. Now what more? Famine?—
Whose other names yet thin the brats: bread, marg and tea fed, nervy.
Pestilence, then? Here's measles, dip., t.b.,
Nibbling the curve of the death-rate, rickets for a bad future.
Is this what you ask, Bird? Adequate incense? We offer our all!

Sitting twice, his cold feet tight on the bright cross,
His hard flappers erect from the gold, the fairy bird,
The Enemy, croaks at London. Is it his when the cross fails?
Must then all worship? Or who stand out, face, judge, break ranks?
Which of us not condemning our innocents to the maw of the cormorant,
Which of us will insist, against beak-thrusts in guts, against gold?
Who of us will stand, in London, will not bow down?
For the third time the Bird hovers, the cross waits.
Break down the cross if the Bird perches there, break down
All towers, castles, spires, pylons! Break even,
Oh, break Wren's London lest the webbed feet perch there,
And we, the third time, worship.

NAOMI MITCHISON

THE NEW BALLETS

THE Russian Ballet this season has been a disappointment to many of its old admirers. The lack of precision in the *corps de ballet* often grates on the eye like a slate pencil on the ear, the conducting is open to severe criticism, and the orchestra is lifeless. Perhaps everyone, from the *prima ballerina* to the substitute for the fifteenth fiddle, requires a holiday? Even the audience is noticeably less discriminating than it was when Col. de Basil first performed his miracle of resuscitation. The two new ballets only increase our disillusionment. *Jardin Public* is one of those modish affairs which, like a Paris hat, cannot last one summer—and it has reached London over a year after its creation. Dukelsky's music is of the type which gives least support to the dancers, overelaborate and rather shapeless. Lurçat is a painter whose work has a certain strain, a mysteriousness which may be only skin deep but which does interest the eye. His decor, however, lacks all atmosphere; and while some of the individual costumes, especially those of the Poor Lovers, are good, they have as a group no relation to one another. Massine can never make a choreography which has not points of interest, but here he seems to be feeling his uncertain way up a blind alley. The whole effect of the ballet, except for the fine final grouping, is of incongruity and futility: to this extent it reflects the disarray and despair of the Nineteen Thirties, but it does not give them any aesthetic or emotional significance.

Les Cent Baisers is less pretentious and slightly more successful. Nijinska has returned to classical traditions in her choreography, but the result is very vacuous. Baronova danced very well, but Lichine failed to display the necessary virtuosity (the part demanded an Idzikovski). It was like hearing a soprano with a charming natural voice attempting the most elaborate *coloratura*. Baron d'Erlanger's music is more accomplished and more danceable than Dukelsky's, but it has not vitality enough to support a story which lacks all dramatic value. M. Jean Hugo is a painter of exquisite taste, and his costumes are the strongest feature of *Les Cent Baisers*. This sophisticated charm comes from 1935 looking at 1580 with the eyes of 1830.

Ballet is an art which, to keep alive, must continually develop. In *Présages* Massine found a new country to exploit, and even his choreography for *Le Bal* suggested new possibilities. But at present the ballet seems in the doldrums. To find to-day ballet music as good as *Petrouchka* and decor as good as *The Three Cornered Hat*, is probably impossible. These two ballets, and *Sylphides* and *La Boutique Fantasque*, and *Présages*, set a standard which may intimidate a Colonel, however gallant. But to a public which knows these things it is no use offering such empty trivialities as *Jardin Public* and *Les Cent Baisers*. It is not merely that these ballets are failures: it is that they lack all the qualities which with luck can make a success.

ROGER MARVELL

PLAYS AND PICTURES

The Tewkesbury Festival

The chief difficulty with which a producer at a religious festival is faced is to make suitable plays interesting to a modern audience. In choosing *Noah's Ark*, *Everyman*, and *Samson Agonistes* for presentation by his company of Oxford University players at the Tewkesbury Festival, Mr. Nevill Coghill ran the risk of sacrificing interest to suitability, but his skill as an open-air producer, his fertile invention of stage devices, and the speed at which he keeps the plays moving have saved his choice. *Noah's Ark* has been turned from an episode in the mediaeval Chester picture of Fundamentalist world history into a fast-moving and sprightly curtain-raiser to *Everyman;* in it God's lament for the wickedness of his world is pointed by news boys with scaring placards, and the invisible Ark is raised to the tune of an old fiddle. Mr. Coghill has given the play life, but the precise significance of some of the added dumb-show is rather obscure. *Everyman*, the most beautiful of all the morality plays, is full of difficult action which is handled very smoothly. The Oxford production is remarkable for its strange and beautiful dress and its cunning stage contrivances, but the interplay between the developing character of an ordinary man faced suddenly with death and the static personifications of his various possessions and talents is not sufficiently emphasised by the monotonous playing of Everyman himself. *Samson Agonistes* is the least successful of the three plays. Perhaps Milton was right in insisting that it was never intended for stage performance. From the moment of Samson's decision to appear before the lords of Gaza, the action moves rapidly to the climax of the messenger's description of his death, but not even Mr. John Wentzel's interpretation of Samson can rescue the long speeches and choral interludes from occasional lethargy. The chorus is often stiff, Haripha does not swagger convincingly, and Delilah just fails to revive her old fascination. Yet the Oxford players have struggled nobly against the weight of Milton's own verdict, and the fault lies not in them but in the play.

The Folk Dance Festival

The success of the International Folk Dance Festival must have surpassed the wildest hopes of its organisers. The mythical fog-drenched Puritan, frigid England revealed itself to our exotic guests as a land of brilliant sunshine and boundless welcome. The festival used all London as its theatre. Lambeth Palace saw Uzbeg glance and glide on its green lawns to the fabulous rhythms of an aged slant-eyed drummer and Georgian Cossacks leap and whirl and toe-dance in dazzling elegant ferocity. Some of us have looked on folk-dancing in England as a shadowy revival of forms and rituals, emptied of their social and religious substance. But it is because thousands of people up and down the country have danced these homely dances for twenty-five years without a thought of magic that the Folk Dance Festival became possible, opening for us exquisitely illustrated pages of our cultural history. Archaeologists have dug up from underground the secrets of the past. These folk dancers by dancing above it have done the same. In their recently published book, *The Traditional Dance* (Methuen, 6*s*.), Violet Alford and Rodney Gallop show with great skill and a fascinating array of examples drawn from all over Europe, the true character of the Country, Morris, and Sword dances. It was only by such a detailed study of the material at hand that a solid foundation could be laid, and the E.F.D.S. was right in limiting its first great International festival to what is now geographically Europe. But what migrations lie behind this still scarcely consolidated continent! The outposts of Europe are in "savage" Africa as well as in the Far East. We cannot discuss origins without a far wider reference than was implied even in the admirable papers contributed by recognised authorities on folk-dancing during the Congress. The Calušari, for instance, that glorious troop of "little horses" from Rumania, had their counterpart in Korea from the sixth to the eighth century, a ritual band of boys called "fairies," and as in certain parts of Rumania to-day, they were dressed as women. They were bound by solemn oaths and went round dancing and singing; in particular to mountain tops and distant valley-springs, carrying their influence everywhere. The first International Folk Dance Festival may prove to have played as important a role in the life of the English Folk Dance Society as the first Morris Dance seen by Cecil Sharp on the snowy drive of his Headington house on Boxing Day 1899. For it has revealed to us that the scope of the E.F.D.S. is boundless and that the foundations which this festival has consolidated are of inestimable value to further research in Europe and in those great continents from which also we inherit.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, July 27th—
Cricket. England *v.* South Africa (4th Test), Manchester.
Lawn Tennis. Davis Cup Challenge Round, Wimbledon.
Display of Soviet Folk Dancing, King Alfred School, North End Road, 3–6.
Rhythmic Movement, Dance and Mime, Hyde Park, 3 and 7.

SUNDAY, July 28th—
S. K. Ratcliffe on "The New Paganism," Conway Hall, 11.

MONDAY, July 29th—
Malvern Dramatic Festival.

TUESDAY, July 30th—
"Yoshe Kalb," His Majesty's Theatre.

THURSDAY, August 1st—
Liberal Summer School, Cambridge. Till August 7th.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

FIFTY thousand copies of *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, by T. E. Lawrence (Cape, 30s.)—the vast majority of which have already been sold—are being distributed at the beginning of next week, so that in a little while readers of the book will be numbered by the hundred thousand. Advertisement will sell anything, and never has a book and its author been so much advertised; the unfortunate thing is that the publicity that makes people buy a book does not put them in the frame of mind to appreciate it. Fashion and popularity inhibit literary understanding; the important books cannot be forced on one, but have to be discovered by chance. Moreover, the intellectuals, accustomed to being in a minority, are likely to react against the book because of its reputation, like schoolboys antagonised before they start *Macbeth*. *The Seven Pillars* should be read slowly, critically, coolly and not with excitement, hero-worship and enthusiasm. The book has a curious duality; it has depth as well as a huge surface range, and the reader who only follows the day-to-day tactics of a campaign with the thrilling incidents of camel-charges or dynamiting railways will have missed the best part. The present volume is an almost exact reprint of the 1926 privately printed edition, and is much easier to handle and to read. The illustrations are not in colour; a few have been left out and the book gains by their omission. One of the illustrations in the text has been printed on the wrong pages: these textual illustrations are no addition to the book. The volume is rather marred by lack of half-titles and by the clumsy arrangement of preliminary matter, while the design on the cover—an idea rejected by the author—is an absurdity which is contradicted by the whole tenor of the book; the reader will find it so long before he reaches the hospital in Damascus.

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War is so senseless and disgusting that it is natural to think of it as a sort of periodic insanity that attacks the human race, and since the conduct of most wars is handed over to smooth-brained professionals, trained not to question kindergarten values, it becomes easy to believe that war is never a matter of leadership or will, but is as automatic a form of activity as the movements of a swarm of locusts, which have been proved to result from such simple factors as temperature, the density of the swarm and the direction of the wind. In the greatest novel of modern times such an explanation is advanced to account for Napoleon's invasion of Russia and the retreat from Moscow. And in such unnatural, vast movements, much of what men say and believe they are doing may be rationalising automatic behaviour. But the Arabian Revolt was war of an ancient pattern, an elaboration of the tribal raid to rob the neighbours one has reason to dislike; the Arabs were individuals, not cogs in a machine; free men, not soldier-robots. Yet though the kind of war was more natural than Napoleon's, *The Seven Pillars* describes an intensely unnatural world compared with the vast world of *War and Peace*; the record of an event as abnormal as an earthquake or a hurricane, compared with the picture of plain and forest shown in repose, in storm, and then again repose. *The Seven Pillars* is a swirling sea of action, seen through the eyes of one man, who, with little or no authority, set armies in motion, roused nomadic tribes to join with their blood enemies, and won victories without the knowledge, or against the wishes, of the generals in nominal command. We see the thoughtless mass moved and played on by a queer eccentric, an imp in fancy-dress. Into what tales of a legendary Pied Piper may not the Bedouins twist this figure, so much stranger than the leader of the children's crusade, Nicholas of Cologne! Even in life he became a legend to his friends; it is strange to remember that one has laughed with the man who carried those bags of gold and who had walked apart in pity to straighten the tumbled stripped bodies of the slain. He was the greatest wangler in history; his wangle was a military campaign and his book shatters Tolstoy's thesis since it shows the enormous influence of the single individual; without Lawrence the Revolt would have fizzled out into a few sporadic risings, bribery, treachery, a Gallipoli beach at Akaba, and the usual stalemate. But Tolstoy is not consistent, and Lawrence's success lay in the fact that he realised the truth of the analysis in *War and Peace* of partisan warfare which:

> does not follow any rules of war, but is in direct contradiction to a well-known rule of tactics, regarded as infallible. That rule lays it down that the attacking party must concentrate his forces in order to be stronger than his opponent at the moment of conflict. Partisan warfare (always successful, as history testifies) acts in direct contradiction to this rule.

Like Kutuzov in *War and Peace*, Lawrence was always trying to avoid set battles with the enemy, for he believed that the Turks could be worn out and made to destroy themselves, and he valued the lives of men more than any immediate apparent gain. Lawrence's analysis of his campaign is often extremely close to Tolstoy's of the Russian after Moscow. The spirit of the Arabs was everything; "the preaching was victory, the fighting a delusion," a view that was being proved at the same time on a larger scale by Trotsky and Lenin. And Lawrence was quick to realise that the fighting spirit of an army is at its highest when there are hardly any casualties, as in Arab tribal warfare, where, sooner or later, blood money has to be paid for all enemies killed. Lawrence, however, when he got the chance, was not economical of Turkish lives. The preacher must have an eager audience, and Lawrence's success was that he realised that with Arabs:

> No man could be their leader except he ate the ranks' food, wore their clothes, lived level with them and yet appeared better in himself.

This programme suited him and indulged his weakest side, that rather childish vanity that brought him more shame than pleasure. He was able to find thus an excuse for every mad act of courage, for every mortification to which he could subject his toughened flesh, expiating his sense of guilt in the war by taking the leading part in dynamiting trains so that far-distant tribes would beg of Feisal: "Send us a *lurens* that we may blow up trains with it." Owing to the part he played in changing men's minds it is natural that he should tell us of his own; as the war grew, so did Lawrence's obsession with it—and the awareness of his guilt. Lawrence was scrupulous; searching self-examination revealed continually the hollowness of his position; he was subordinating British policy to Arab, and leading on the Arabs to their eventual betrayal when they had served their purpose in the sideshow. Thus while *The Seven Pillars* is the record of his actions, one of the main preoccupations of its author is with his motives; it is this which, more than any of the extraordinary adventures, gives the book its unique place in literature. To express so wide a range of action, thought and feeling, Lawrence has evolved a narrative style which is entirely his own, a style that is as full of improvised expedients as the path of quicksilver over rocky ground; it is full of shifts of words, tricks of style, flashes of beauty, flowery, rich, alive. Lawrence read much (and boasted much of reading); all the flavours of the older writers can be caught here like the scent of flowers, plucked and fallen among the pages of his book. But Lawrence's own style is none of these, but a Moorish medley, as I have said before, like Cordoba mosque. Of all writers, he is least like Doughty. I give this warning because they have been foolishly compared. Lawrence suffered the fate of all the solitaries who are called out from their cells as leaders of mankind in its pressing need. The greatest English leader thrown up by the war, he has written the only great book upon it, yet when every corner has been lighted up we know that there still remains something we have not seen, that we have not been told, and then, baffled, we take up the tale, inventing this and that and babbling childishly.

DAVID GARNETT

MR. FISHER'S NEW VOLUME

A History of Europe. Vol. Two : Renaissance, Reformation, Reason. By The Rt. Hon. H. A. L. FISHER. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 18s.

A Chinaman of the period, had he been in a position to survey the turbulent European scene during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, might well have asked himself whether the art of living was not better understood by a people which had no religious quarrels because they had no religion but only an ethical code of deportment, whether the vast liberation of human forces brought about by the Protestant Reformation, with all its infinite consequences for art and music, science and letters, was worth the price of long and savage wars, and whether an attitude of mind towards the ultimate mysteries less aspiring, less heroic and less confident than that which prevailed among western Christians was not in effect more conducive to human comfort.

Mr. Fisher's new volume, marked by the distinction and learning of its predecessor, presents under the three words, Renaissance, Reformation, Reason, a record of tragedy which is infinitely more distressing to the reader of to-day than it would have been to the reader of yesterday. In the striking passage cited above Mr. Fisher imagines a Chinaman of the period looking at the Western world. Doubts similar to his might have assailed a citizen of the Rome described by Aelius Aristides in the second century if he could have foreseen that all the knowledge that mankind was to gain with the discovery of a new world was to bring back the piracy, strife and disorder that had marked the predatory age of the Roman Republic, on a scale as much vaster than the old as the Atlantic is vaster than the Mediterranean Sea. What had the world gained that had compensated for the loss of the great peace of the early empire, by unlocking secrets and passions so jealously guarded?

Mr. Fisher's picture of strife is more distressing to-day than it was yesterday because it is more alarming. Most of us used to think that from these centuries of struggle and conflict there had emerged a stable order based on the modern idea of a nation, and we now think about that order that it is itself part of an age of confusion and of a confusion of which we cannot see the end. It is pretty certain that if Mr. Fisher had composed his book thirty years ago he would not have written his last words on Erasmus in the sad key in which he concludes Chapter VI. He had said of Erasmus that " he had the idea of a Europe organised for rational ends, true to its past, but purified of its abuses, and bound together in a perpetual bond of peace and fellowship." That idea had many hopeful disciples in the last century. In 1871, under the shadow of the Franco-German War, Gladstone published a striking essay in which he predicted the early establishment of public law in the life of Europe. Even the shock of that war did not check this optimism or make it look extravagant to his age. To-day all that Mr. Fisher can say of the dream of Erasmus is that " such an anticipation is cherished by the small band of humanists who in every country endeavour to sweeten the bitter waters of political life."

To write a book on these tragedies with a full sense of the shadows that they throw over the past and over the future, from which the reader rises not merely delighted and instructed but refreshed and encouraged, is a remarkable achievement. Mr. Fisher's book owes its success to the subtlety, the wit, the grace, the wisdom and imagination that he brings to his task. His portraits, his sketches of movements and events, his humour and temper, so wide, so tolerant, so humane, his flashes of unexpected light, and the ease with which he traces the distant effects of this or that action, all these keep the reader's mind buoyant and alert, check the spirit of fatalism, and remind him that there are no iron laws in history. " *Tout marche*," he may almost say with Don Carlos, " *et le hasard corrige le hasard*."

It is difficult to resist the temptation to quote from these fascinating pages. Perhaps no passage illustrates their charm and wisdom better than the description of the effect of the Bible upon the English people :

> For two centuries and a half before the advent of the cheap newspaper and the novel, the sacred books of the Jews furnished the staple intellectual and spiritual food of the poor and middle class of the English people. The authority of this austere and melodious literature was unique and universal. In every Parish Church the Bible lay free and open to all to read. Here was a People's University. Plunging into this vast miscellany, where all that is most solemn and sublime from the distant east is mingled with the records of a savage antiquity, the peoples of England wandered at their own sweet will, unshepherded and unfettered, and finding always by the way lessons for the conduct of life, some of infinite depth and beauty, but others prompting to gloom, pride, and self-sufficiency.

There is no writer whom you may be more certain that every word he uses has its force, and that the last word is not the least significant. In considering the history of Europe, which is Mr. Fisher's theme, it is important to remember that the Old Testament is in one sense an insulating literature.

It is not only the spirit of the book, its sweep, its Erasmus-like qualities of clarity and grace, that help to steady the reader's mind amid the prevailing pessimism of our time. The book itself describes an immense transition in human history, and the lessons it suggests offer encouragement as well as warning. Mr. Fisher describes those changes in his introductory chapter. A society divided between lay and cleric gave place to a society divided into rich and poor, an atmosphere hostile to free inquiry to one in which science could live and mature ; the political framework of the mediaeval Empire gave way before the growth of national States ; Latin Christianity was disrupted ; the new world was discovered. Out of all these disturbances there emerged what Mr. Fisher calls " that more efficient form of social and political communion which claims the free yet disciplined loyalties of a nation." To-day when this development has been carried a great deal further, when under the influence of two Revolutions, the French and the Industrial, this new form of social life and organisation has become the common form, we find ourselves asking the question that Gibbon asked at the end of his sixth volume, and giving unhappily a different answer. For whereas Gibbon could comfort himself then by thinking that the improvements in the art of war were a defence to civilisation, we are in the unpleasant predicament of finding that those improvements are its chief danger. Mr. Fisher points out that the Wars of the Roses hardly affected the life of the ordinary people in England at the time. Now that science has been free to live and mature for some centuries, modern war is more terrible than the scourge of Attila or Genghis Khan. And the spread of these more efficient forms of social and political communion has divided the world among ambitious and self-conscious States whose political animosities are inflamed and perpetuated by economic rivalries, affecting vital interests.

The reader who is tempted to settle down in the gloom of our modern pessimism may consider two questions that are raised by this book. It is the fashion now to attribute all our ills and dangers to the gospel of nationality which had such an effect on the map of Europe in the nineteenth century. It will be specially interesting to see how Mr. Fisher treats this question in his concluding volume—whether he thinks that Italy, for example, could have found her unity and freedom better under a federal form. But some modern observers are apt to forget what a price Europe had to pay in the old days for want of national unity. It is roughly sixty years since the modern Italian State was created. Let all those who are disappointed with the results to Europe of that great event read Mr. Fisher's chapter describing the sixty years when Italy was the battlefield between France and Spain. The creation of the new national States did not supersede some effective form of international control ; it did not displace something corresponding to the idea of the Papacy or the Empire ; it removed certain fields from the active competition of powerful neighbours. It is difficult to resist the conclusion that the creation of self-conscious States was a necessary step towards any effective organisation of a peaceful international society. Our progress towards such a society may seem disappointingly slow, but it is possible to regard the 19th century as a step towards it rather than as a slip towards the abyss.

If the creation of self-conscious national States is one of the chief events of the last century, the opening up and exploitation of Africa is another. Nobody will deny that that is a dark chapter of history. When Mussolini defended himself against his English critics by arguing that he was following our example in disregarding the opinions and convenience of others, when pursuing empire, our answer was not that he had misrepresented our past but that he had forgotten that he had promised not to imitate it. But when the worst has been said of the behaviour of British, Dutch, Belgians, French, Portuguese, and Italians, in Africa, will any reader of Mr. Fisher's volume hold that it is as bad as the worst that can be said of the behaviour of the Spaniards, the Portuguese, the Dutch, the French, and the British, in America ? In the seventeenth century the chief trophy of a successful peace was the acquisition of the Assiento, the contract for supplying slaves to the Spanish colonies. For two centuries it was almost as difficult to distinguish a pirate from a trader on the Atlantic as it was in the days of the

Phoenicians to distinguish them on the Levant. It was one of his admirers who compared Drake to Tamburlaine, "the scourge and terror of mankind" in Marlowe's play. If anybody were so far gone in pessimism as to argue that between the crimes and confusion that followed the discovery of America and those that followed the opening up of Africa there is nothing more than the difference between the greed of a crude and the greed of a sophisticated age, that very statement would imply that the world had grown more critical of public conduct. For hypocrisy would be in such an argument a tribute paid by vice to virtue. It is not extravagant to say that the nineteenth century represents, in respect of settled and civilised government, as great an advance on the seventeenth as the advance that may be noted between the Roman age of plunder and the first centuries of the Empire.

We seem to-day to be faced with the evils and dangers of the seventeenth century as well as with those of our own time. Europe was tormented by the quarrels of religion, by the ambitions of powerful men and the pressure of economic rivalries. For in that century the wars of religion ended and the wars of economic nationalism began. In all these respects our case is the same, for we too have quarrels of religion and quarrels of class that have the merciless spirit of quarrels of religion. To these evils we have added conscription and a more implacable type and temper of war. Of the seventeenth century Mr. Fisher says that in spite of its complex and advancing civilisation it was an age of almost uninterrupted war. But Europe held together. "The sense of a common civilisation and of some common European interest in the maintenance of a balance of power was far too strong to be obliterated by the summer activities of small and heterogeneous armies." Unhappily our armies are no longer small nor heterogeneous nor confined to summer activities. Just as mankind discovered America and also the steam engine too soon for its happiness, so it has discovered too soon the mastery of the air and the most sinister of the secrets of science. But if Europe has greater dangers to face, it is two centuries older in the art of co-operation. And if tyranny has won such startling triumphs on the map of Europe, we may reflect that the age in which, as Mr. Fisher puts it, Louis XIV set so dazzling an example in the science and art of despotism was followed by a century in which the chief intellectual force was English freedom interpreted to the world by the mind of France.

J. L. HAMMOND

THE INFLUENCE OF QUEEN VICTORIA

The Political Influence of Queen Victoria. By FRANK HARDIE. *Oxford University Press.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Even crustaceans like Sir John Marriott ought now to leave off talking about the impartiality of the British Monarchy and the constitutional propriety of Queen Victoria. Even if they cannot appreciate the plain meaning of her letters they can, at least, read Mr. Hardie's book. They will not be able to say that it is prejudiced or unscholarly or difficult to read. It is excellently written and never generalises except on the basis of indubitable facts. The facts are taken from easily accessible sources: from the Queen's letters and from the contemporary correspondence of her Ministers and entourage. Thus the book tells the student of this period nothing new, but it does the invaluable service of collating and interpreting an immense mass of material and sorting out with much discrimination the personally amusing from the politically significant. I do not suppose that anyone would contend that the Queen was behaving constitutionally when she wrote to Lady Wolsey advising her to persuade her husband to resign in order to embarrass the Government which he was serving and telling her to burn the letter. Nor is her correspondence with Lord Salisbury asking whether the Unionist party was "fit for an election now" if she forced a dissolution on a Parliament with a Liberal majority, reconcilable with even the broadest interpretation of the functions of a constitutional monarch. Mr. Hardie discusses several similar occasions on which her violent partisanship led her to breaches of her constitutional position; had Gladstone been less of a Royalist and less scrupulous and made them known, there would undoubtedly have been a recrudescence of republicanism in England. It is interesting, in December, 1885, to find the Queen suggesting to Harcourt (while Mr. Gladstone still had a majority) that a Moderate Whig Conservative Coalition should be formed in order to defeat Home Rule, and shortly afterwards, when the fall of Lord Salisbury's first Government seemed probable, appealing to Goschen to arrange an alliance between the Liberal Unionists and the Conservatives against Mr. Gladstone and the Home Rulers. In this remarkable letter we see her surreptitiously, and without the advice of her Prime Minister, attempting to promote a "loyal" and "constitutional" National Government in order to defeat Mr. Gladstone's party. More important perhaps than particular unconstitutional acts was the difference in her attitude towards Liberal and Conservative Ministers. The story of her treatment of Mr. Gladstone has often been told before, but the significant point is not so much her cruelty to a sensitive, courteous and distinguished Minister, who went out of his way to protect her from criticism on every possible occasion and to defend her interests, but the amount of embarrassment that she was able to introduce into his conduct of public affairs. He compares himself in a famous passage to a patient mule, and it was only on a very few occasions that he allowed himself to show how deeply he was goaded. He wrote on one occasion that it was intolerable when she made a fuss about minor governmental appointments which, as he rightly said, were only submitted to her at all out of courtesy. He came more nearly to open rebellion on the occasion when she telegraphed *en clair* rebuking the Prime Minister and his Cabinet, and he once and only once, so far as I know, wrote to remind her of the dangers of living in an exclusively Tory atmosphere. Characteristically, he sent this warning in a long memorandum (if only Gladstone had realised that the Queen wanted not argument but personal gossip, how much happier his life would have been!). He pointed out that the Crown was apt to take its information from a limited circle and to ignore the opinions of the mass of common people. "At the present juncture, the views of your Majesty's actual advisers, although now supported by a majority of the people . . . are hardly at all represented and as Mr. Gladstone believes are imperfectly known, in the powerful circles with which your Majesty has ordinary personal intercourse. . . ." This is as close as Mr. Gladstone ever got to a reference to the habit which Lord Palmerston once dared to tell her was consultation with her "irresponsible advisers." It is this situation, almost unavoidable in a monarchy, which explains what Lord Esher, who knew King Edward better than anyone, meant when he said that the King was "naturally bound" to the Tory party, and it is the basis for the fear expressed by Professor Laski and others about the part played by the monarchy in 1931. It is also the justification for Sir Stafford Cripps's reference to the obstructive influence of "Buckingham Palace circles."

When we turn to the Queen's influence on foreign affairs the picture is less unpleasing. We find her, it is true, deciding with Lord Salisbury that it is wiser for the Queen and her Prime Minister to manage foreign policy as far as possible by themselves without the troublesome interference of the Cabinet. This traditional concentration of foreign policy in the hands of a very few persons was in fact continued until 1914, when several Members of the Cabinet resigned on the ground that they had been misled about our obligations abroad. But whatever may be said of the Queen's childish imperialism—it is difficult to find another word for her attitude to the Russians, to whom she wanted to give a "good whipping"—everyone will agree that she did earnestly desire peace and that on several occasions she was influential in preserving it. On one or two other occasions, when she wanted war, circumstances and her Ministers thwarted her. Mr. Hardie shows excellent judgment in discussing her foreign influence, the vital fact being that she was closely related and could deal personally and often effectively with almost every crowned head in Europe. The new Germany of Bismarck presented her with the most difficult test—whether she had sufficient flexibility to allow the facts to alter her mind from the ardent belief in German friendship that she had taken over from Prince Albert to a more realistic appreciation of the changed balance of power in Europe. She was slow to accept the change, but accept it she did when she had once been convinced of the true character of Bismarck.

Mr. Hardie's book is of great importance. It should be read by everyone who wishes to understand the British constitution and to appraise the possible difficulties of a Government which may some day seem as revolutionary to courtiers as Mr. Gladstone's later Governments seemed to Queen Victoria. No one even to-day can define the powers of the British Monarchy: no one can safely estimate its influence, which is far greater than its powers. But Mr. Hardie has put us all in his debt by a careful, quiet and unprejudiced account of how the Monarchy actually behaved in the latest period about which we have accurate and full knowledge.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

NEW NOVELS

Siesta. By BERRY FLEMING. *Constable.* 7s. 6d.
No Quarter Given. By PAUL HORGAN. *Constable.* 8s. 6d.
Polly Oliver. By A. E. COPPARD. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.
The Twisted Tree. By FRANK BAKER. *Davies.* 7s. 6d.
Harvest. By SELMA LAGERLÖF. *Werner Laurie.* 12s. 6d.
Conquering Seas. By L. LUARD. *Lane.* 7s. 6d.

You may throw personality out of the window: it will creep back again through the keyhole. And even nowadays, when the austerer type of critic advises us that we should consider the abnegation of personality more important than its expression, most books, above a certain degree of competence, seem to echo an individual tone of voice. Altogether English, light, whimsical, carefully modulated, is the tone of *Polly Oliver*, Mr. A. E. Coppard's new collection of short stories. Tart and transatlantic is the accent of *Siesta*, Mr. Berry Fleming's chronicle of a Southern heat-wave; while Mr. Horgan rolls out his leisurely periods in that smooth, self-confident, unruffled flow—sometimes verging on repetitiousness—that we associate with the cultured and travelled American. Of these three books, *Siesta* is much the best. At moments the novel promises to be very good indeed; and, if Mr. Fleming fails, it is because his characters—lost in the shimmer of torrid dog days—never assume a definite human shape. They are faces, black or white, glimpsed through a blur of dust, ennui and sun. Things happen—a girl is murdered by an old negro abortionist: a boy is seduced: a young man falls in love—but they are insignificant as the bright colours of a tropical landscape: they fade away into the general impression of heat. Perhaps this was the effect that the author intended; but it lends his novel a somewhat hazy and unfocused air.

With all its faults, *Siesta* is extremely readable; and with all its virtues—and they are many—*No Quarter Given* is a book that the average reader may find it unusually difficult to get through. Really, Mr. Horgan is a little too sensitive. He writes nicely, of course—so nicely that every epithet seems to have been picked up between finger and thumb—but, as I read his story of the musical genius, Edmund Abbey, of his rich, shallow, restless wife and his charming young step-son, I began to regret the astringent qualities of downright melodrama. Mr. Horgan is never commonplace; on the other hand, in spite of much pleasant writing—particularly pleasant when he describes the background of New Mexico—he is rarely vivid; for there is something mannered and slightly finicking about his style. *No Quarter Given* is a better book than *The Fault of Angels*; but Mr. Horgan's method would be much improved by a spice of the obvious.

We are seldom allowed to forget that he is a clever man, that he knows his *milieu*, understands the vagaries of rich people, and is alive to the beauties, human and natural, of the world that he depicts. Nor is Mr. Coppard's skill of the kind that conceals, rather than reveals, the artistry that has gone into the composition of these twelve neatly turned short stories. Some years ago, in a story entitled *Fifty Pounds*, Mr. Coppard produced a tale that merits inclusion in every anthology of the form; but *Polly Oliver*, though very accomplished, is on the whole a disappointing and exasperating volume. Mr. Coppard has grown too whimsical by half. There are times when he adopts the facetious, archly reproving attitude of the Victorian novelist towards his "dear readers":

> Well, at dinner he observes a really nice lady sitting by herself at another table, and Freddy couldn't keep his eyes off her because she really was too handsome and he was all alone and she was too. Every now and again, when she was absent-mindedly picking bits of bread out of her roll, he would catch a friendly glance from her and so he could not take his eyes off her—or perhaps I ought to say he wouldn't. That was where he went wrong . . . I am not insinuating for one moment that a man should not allow his eyes to dwell upon the eyes of another man's wife, or *vice versa*; of course, I am not, but there is a sort of friendly scale by which such things as this are quite politely done. . . . Now I am afraid this couple did not look at each other in that way at all, not from the very beginning.

And, at such times, one reader, at least—notwithstanding Mr. Coppard's evident feeling for beauty, and the grace and facility with which he expresses it—is tempted to seize *Polly Oliver* and hurl the book into the farthest corner of the room.

For relaxation without exasperation, I recommend Mr. Frank Baker's novel, *The Twisted Tree*, a narrative rich in unintentional comedy, which seems to have been written by the ghost of D. H. Lawrence seated on the grave of Mary Webb. Here again is a reflection of that wonderful world where peasants talk as no farm-labourer or shepherd will ever talk—or has ever talked—in this life or the next. Here is the romantic universe of idealised yokels; and, breaking through it—as if a satyr should get loose in one of those charming Cotswold gardens where gentlewomen serve tea—here are lurid flashes from *Lady Chatterley* and *Women in Love*. No amateur of sentimental impropriety should miss Mr. Baker's account of how Iansy, guileless village girl, is debauched by Roger Chailey, satanic artist, and other episodes of his ingenuous and lively tale. All this in a setting of "pagan" Cornwall, to a loud accompaniment from the brazen orchestra of the Dark Gods.

With Selma Lagerlöf, we are back again in real life. *Harvest* is made up of the famous novelist's reminiscences of her youth and childhood, supplemented by four public addresses. The autobiographical part of the volume is naturally the more interesting; but it is possible, I think, that translation does not do these sketches full justice, and that, in the original, they may possess a distinct and individual flavour that the English rendering cannot always reproduce . . . . Lastly, an adventure story as unpretentious as it is direct, readable and vivid. The chief disadvantage of Lieutenant Luard's style is that he would appear to have studied Conrad with too close and uncritical an eye, and that, since Conrad himself never quite succeeded in writing English—his prose always suggests a brilliant translation from the French—he is a master more attractive than beneficial. Nevertheless, *Conquering Seas*, a story of the North Sea trawling fleet, of hardship, rivalry and disaster, is a book well worth reading—a popular novel that really deserves its popularity. The characters tend to be a little vague, but the descriptive passages have a remarkable and refreshing vigour.

PETER QUENNELL

THE FAILURE OF FASCISM

Mussolini's Italy. By HERMAN FINER. *Gollancz.* 18s.
Mussolini Red and Black. By ARMANDO BORGHI. *Wishart.* 5s.

Dr. Finer has written the best study of Fascist Italy which we have so far come across. No one can go to Italy without feeling that Fascism is in that country heading for disaster. The system of dictatorship applied to the complex political and neurotic economic organism of a twentieth-century European society has failed; it does not work. The failure of a democratic government is unfortunate, but remediable; it goes out and another comes in without a blood-bath or a social cataclysm. When Mr. Baldwin the other week changed places with Mr. MacDonald, we all slept quietly in our beds; the fabric of society did not crumble about our heads, and neither Mr. MacDonald nor Mr. Baldwin thought it necessary to slaughter any of their colleagues. Last year in Germany the all-powerful Hitler had to butcher over one hundred of his friends and colleagues in order safely to perform a much milder political operation than a change of chief minister. To perform such an operation in Italy would be impossible without producing complete economic and political chaos. The Italian regime has proved a dismal failure; the only thing which keeps it in its place is Mussolini himself and the impossibility for a dictatorship, when faced with failure, to do anything except go to war. But even this is only to postpone the day of disastrous reckoning; for even if Fascism in Italy lasts as long as Mussolini and Mussolini as long as Fascism, there is no one to take his place, and after Mussolini the deluge will be inevitable.

The great merit of Dr. Finer's book is that it enables one to see clearly what Mussolini's Fascist government really is and why its failure has come about. And its merits are in no small degree due to the fact that he is by no means a hostile critic. He has an intense—some people will think, an exaggerated—admiration for Mussolini himself. To him the Duce is a great man, a genius. He gives him every credit for his intentions and for his achievements as a superman. He analyses, minutely and sympathetically, the structure of State and Society which this superman has erected in Italy. He shows how the Fascist State arose and what it has accomplished. And the reader cannot fail to see from this meticulous, good tempered, rather humorous, academic investigation of history and fact that Mussolini's Italy is a failure and a sham, his Fascist State being modelled on that "company floated during the South Sea Bubble 'for carrying on an undertaking of great advantage, but nobody to know what it is!'" The Italian Fascist State is, as Dr. Finer shows, simply Mussolini. "What

does Mussolini mean by the State? He means Himself. A pattern of philosophic hocus-pocus is the medium for the transformation of the State into Benito Mussolini. It is not very elaborate, because he does not beat about the bush. . . . He wills, and his will is the truth. He is not a conciliator. But it is amusing to see the pea and thimble trick played." The instrument through which Mussolini translates his will into action is the Fascist Party, and the Fascist Party is an old-fashioned oligarchy. All the rest is "eye-wash," the undertaking of great advantage, but nobody to know what it is. The nation is to live "at the highest ideal tension," which in plain English means a state of excitement induced by rhetoric, processions, militarism, and finally of course war. Class divisions are to be abolished, and by order of the Duce they have been abolished, but they exist none the less, as Dr. Finer points out, in the Fascist Party, in the corporations, in the whole fabric of State and Society. "The Bolshevik bayonets," at least, as he says, "flashed with the light of an Idea. The Fascists had no Idea." The result can be seen in the state of Italy to-day. Fascism has put "a premium on successful humbug, flattery and bluff." People know "that in every avenue of life they can make their way quicker and with less effort by repeating what they know to be untrue; and they do so." But there is one thing more "ruthless" even than Hitler, Göring, and Mussolini—and that is facts; and sooner or later, the regime founded upon humbug, flattery and bluff, founders upon facts. That is what has already begun to happen in Italy.

Signor Borghi is an émigré. It is a pity that he could not learn a lesson from Dr. Finer, the lesson that it is only necessary to be fair to Mussolini and Fascism if you want to damn them. He has written a silly book, because it is obviously so partisan that it defeats its object. Everything in the book which he says against Mussolini may, as far as we know, be true, but he writes with such venom that with the best will in the world to believe we soon become incredulous. Signor Borghi very nearly made us Fascist, and for at least a quarter of an hour put us upon the side of the Duce.

LEONARD WOOLF

THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE

A Dictionary of Modern American Usage. By H. W. HORWILL. *Oxford University Press.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Horwill, in carrying through a noteworthy one-man task, has incidentally proved one thing beyond question, namely, that the American language is remarkably different from English. His dictionary is a small book of 360 pages. It contains, I suppose, something under 2,000 words. They are almost entirely words in common use, and almost without exception they are words that bear different meanings, or are subject to different usage, on opposite sides of the Atlantic. In probably some hundreds of cases an English person unacquainted with American speech would wholly mistake the meaning if he were not aided by the context. Take two dozen examples at random: agent, alternate (noun), apartment, bakery, biscuit, bleacher, boner, boot, broadcloth, bus-boy, chapter, elector, duster, engineer, express, joiner, franchise, gas, precinct, packer, paddle, pony, solicitor, transportation. Every one of these words would be employed ordinarily by an American in a fashion unknown to English usage. It is the strange vocabulary belonging to such departments as finance, transport and politics—to say nothing of sport—that makes an American newspaper so unintelligible a product for the untravelled Briton, notwithstanding his enlarging education through the films, as also through Mr. P. G. Wodehouse and other popular authors who write more and more for a huge American public.

Mr. Horwill has followed the excellent plan adopted by H. W. Fowler in *English Usage*, and, although he does not emulate the compiler of that diverting manual in verbal play, he is wise enough to throw in an occasional anecdote or other humorous illustration. He reveals a remarkably wide and detailed knowledge of American life and habit, and I am disposed to think that American readers, engaged in the always popular sport of international catching-out, should not be able to draw up more than a modest list of corrections. *American Usage* is a delightful volume to have at hand.

My own criticisms are mainly on the score of Mr. Horwill's omissions. For instance, I should have expected much fuller notes on such words as Break, Buck, Claim, and certainly Proposition. This last word in America is of almost unlimited service, a noun at least as indispensable as the verb to fix. And Mr. Horwill has overlooked Dope. It is a word of surprising range in America. Derby is given only for a bowler hat. Mr. Horwill, I think, should have recorded the growing use of the word not only in horse-racing but as the label for almost any special sporting event. He does not discuss the universal American habit of saying and writing "a half an hour," "a half a dollar"; nor does he note the prevalence of "anybody's else" or the expression, "One of those that is." Educated Americans, both in writing and in speech, use the singular verb in phrases on this model. (Fowler remarks curtly that it is always wrong.) Mr. Horwill, needless to say, comments repeatedly upon the prominence of prepositions in American speech. English in this respect is startlingly unlike German, but there is no doubt at all that American influence is fast changing our usage. Twenty years ago no one in England started in, started out or checked up; we did not stand for or fall for, as we do to-day. We are beginning to think up an excuse, and this needless upping our young people are certain to extend. When your host in America asks whether you would like to wash up, your impulse is still to reply, "Certainly, if I can lend a hand"; but in the near future we shall very likely be washing up as naturally as brushing down. We have an excellent use for beat up. It has, of course, no connection at all with the American phrase, which although unnecessary will probably replace the English usage in a few years. We have learned from the American to try out, but not as yet to curse out, and when we make out we are still deciphering something and not, as the American is, doing something fairly well. We may sometimes call down an offender, but we still refrain from bawling him out. Nor do we have things salted down, and when the American does this it is frequently, I think, in a sense not noted by Mr. Horwill. Very many American usages, needless to say, have come direct from the Scotch and Irish—such as the universal maybe for perhaps, someplace for somewhere, cabin, pled and a hundred more. The use of evangel for evangelist comes doubtless from the French.

Mr. Horwill notes the habit of using adjectives as nouns, a habit that seems to be growing in the United States. The American takes a train at the terminal, mails a postal (post card), joins a local (branch), admires a mural, and listens to a funeral (sermon).

His wife buys a dress for a formal (dinner or party) and goes to the beauty-parlour for a permanent, while the Englishwoman, much less apt for the polysyllable, is content with a perm. I look in vain for Reaction, a word that America took from the psychologists and has abused without end. On the whole, I should cite this as Mr. Horwill's most surprising omission. He is wrong, oddly enough, in his definition of club-sandwich, and broadcloth in America is not poplin but long cloth. Nor should I agree that depot (deepo) for railway station is largely obsolete.

S. K. RATCLIFFE

OLD FAVOURITES

Death in the Clouds. By AGATHA CHRISTIE. *Collins.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

In Whose Dim Shadow. By J. J. CONNINGTON. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Man Who Was Too Clever. By ANTHONY GILBERT. *Collins* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Riot Act. By R. PHILMORE. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Communist's Corpse. By RICHARD WORMSER. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Mystery of the Tailor's Dummy. By RAY SONIN. *Harrap.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Keep It Quiet. By RICHARD HULL. *Faber and Faber.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

They Wouldn't Be Chessmen. By A. E. W. MASON. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Tiger of Mayfair. By HENRY HOLT. *Collins.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

It would be strange, and indeed rather alarming, if at this time of day one found something to criticise in the productions of Mrs. Christie or Mr. Mason. They have both achieved an apparently effortless mastery over the material they manipulate, and they show no disposition for experiments in technique. They seem in perfect equilibrium with themselves and with their public. The only role left to a reviewer is that of *compère*, or the B.B.C. announcer who introduces "A. J. Alan" at the microphone. But what a difference there is in their art! Mrs. Christie intent on her pattern, Mr. Mason splashing on the colour.

In their latest works even Mr. Mason's title points the contrast. His characters never could be chessmen; their movements are far too erratic. Whereas the problems that Poirot tackles are constructed on exactly the same basis as those in chess, and depend for their solution on a close study of timing and position. In *Death in the Clouds* you get a murder in three moves. There are nine pieces on the board, all threatening mate—*videlicet* murder—in one move, but you may be sure Mrs. Christie would never permit a solution as simple as that. The board is the airliner *Prometheus* flying from Paris to London, the Black King is represented by a female moneylender, and the White pieces, needless to say, all stand to gain by her demise. A plan of the board is provided on the frontispiece, on which one can see that the Hon. Venetia Kerr threatens Madame Giselle on the long diagonal, Mr. Clancy as a pawn *en passant*, and Poirot himself by a knight's move. But Poirot is a black piece, ever on the side of the doomed Black King. Does anyone believe that Mrs. Christie will yet construct a problem in which Poirot is a *white* piece? That would indeed imply a sacrificial combination, a Philidor's Legacy!

They Wouldn't be Chessmen does not treat of detection, in spite of the presence of Hanaud alongside Mr. Ricardo. We must wait a little longer for another *House of the Arrow*. Meanwhile we can but enjoy a successor to *No Other Tiger* and *The Prisoner in the Opal*, ranking, in my personal opinion, slightly inferior to the former, but superior to the latter.

Mr. Connington, though not in the van of our detective writers, keeps well in step with the main-guard. And what a formidable phalanx that now presents to the rifle of any sniping reviewer! The title of *In Whose Dim Shadow* comes from Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome, and is appropriate enough to the murder of a would-be killer in a deserted flat in the suburbs of a Midland town under Sir Clinton Driffield's jurisdiction. We are assured by Sir Clinton's presence of an extremely gentlemanly unmasking of the criminal over the port and cigars. We are also, I fear, provided by Mr. Connington with a blatant suspect, whose ingenuity in carrying out his murderous feats is marred by his inability to conceal the authorship of them. The plot is sound enough and well worked out, but the book is handicapped by its own good intentions, as so often happens. The conjuror must suffer if one catches sight of the rabbit hopping *into* the hat.

The Man Who Was Too Clever belongs to the type of detective novel for which I have never found any justification, however well they may be written. The author spends half the book enlisting our sympathy for someone falsely accused by the police. Now I find it impossible to sympathise with anyone who is not only freed conveniently by murder from an ungovernable wife, but is inevitably going to be rewarded for his trials by the hand of the charming daughter of a rich father. And unless blinded by such sympathy no one could fail to identify the murderer straight off.

Politics are dragged into the detective service in *Riot Act* and *The Communist's Corpse*. In Mr. Philmore's book the successful Conservative candidate at a general election in an industrial constituency is murdered on the night of the declaration of the poll, within the precincts of the Town Hall. Was it a stone thrown by the Reds through the window that was responsible? Mr. Philmore, with his distinct capacity as a novelist, manages to make great play with the election atmosphere, but no words could describe my indignation when I realised the motive attributed to the villain. I never felt more like voting for the National Government. *The Communist's Corpse* treats the Reds from the American standpoint. Snappy as all these American books are, I never yet met one so full of wise-cracks. The repartee of the Communist lady who solves the riddle overwhelms all comers; her lovers, her enemies, her comrades, the police, the judiciary, and finally the murderer, who must have been glad to escape from it at last by taking a seat in the electric chair.

The Mystery of the Tailor's Dummy is crude and elementary stuff—for beginners only. Unable to sustain the detective theme in his plot, Mr. Sonin drags in South American revolutionaries and a novelette love interest to eke it out. *Keep it Quiet* is much more pretentious. A club bore dies abruptly in an easily recognisable club near Trafalgar Square. There are some amusing passages describing the worries of club management; and then the book tails away into the fantastic, when the villain reveals his identity, tries to repeat his villainy and overreaches himself. Few readers outside the club's portals are likely to appreciate the special references which seem to constitute the fun.

Scuola di Wallace is the bane of our thriller-writers. In *The Tiger of Mayfair* Mr. Holt follows the brush-work of the master as best he can, but where is the vital line? RALPH PARTRIDGE

A FEMALE FRIEND

Geraldine Jewsbury. By SUSANNE HOWE. *Allen and Unwin.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Geraldine Jewsbury is a prototype of the more reputable lady-novelist, as we now know her. She wrote a few high-pressure novels, which aroused a certain amount of controversy; she mixed with the eminent writers of her day; and she was for thirty years a reviewer for the *Athenaeum*. Dickens, as an editor, solicited her contributions; and a list of notabilities signed a petition for a Civil List pension on her behalf. Her reputation was real enough during her lifetime.

To-day there is nothing left to provoke our curiosity. Her novels are museum-pieces, and she survives only by her peculiar friendship with Jane Carlyle. That in itself is an insufficient warrant for the biographer's exhumation. Geraldine Jewsbury introduced herself to the Carlyles by way of a "fan" letter to Carlyle. The nervous pertinacity of her enthusiasm quickly consolidated her position with them, and she developed a passionate attachment to Jane Carlyle. What is most striking is Miss Jewsbury's emotional vehemence. "I feel towards you much more like a lover than a female friend," she writes; and again, "I think of you much more than if you were my lover." It was perhaps the adoration of an adolescent: Mrs. Carlyle, at any rate, seems to have treated it so. She warmed herself with the febrile vivacity of this unorthodox "female friend," and restrained the larger impetuosities. The friendship, intimate but erratic, endured until Mrs. Carlyle's death.

It is apparent that Geraldine Jewsbury had a flair for intensifying the emotional quality of her immediate environment. She had also the instability and wayward brilliance characteristic of the too attenuated, overstrung personality. The addition of practical, executive talents, inculcated during her home-life in Manchester, must have made her a stimulating and disturbing companion. Yet these are gifts of which we are all dispossessed by death; nor are they so rare among our own acquaintance that we need to retrace them in the past.

'The author of DESOLATE MARCHES was among those killed in the recent aeroplane catastrophe in the Alps. To learn of his death with the book fresh in mind is to feel it as a national loss.' The TIMES July 23

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All prices are net 7s. 6d.

JONATHAN CAPE THIRTY BEDFORD SQUARE LONDON

Miss Jewsbury was remarkable to her own friends, in disconnected fragments of time, without that spontaneous organisation of experience which contrives its own remembrance in later days. Her energies spent themselves in the vivid but disorderly processes of living. She failed to secure any significant manipulative grasp of the substance of life, and it accordingly crumbled away at the end in her dead fingers.

Miss Howe has made every attempt to recapture the picturesque colouring of Miss Jewsbury's history. Her biography is in many ways admirable for the negative but not common virtues of restraint, care and lucidity. Her sidelights on the intellectual life of Manchester, the domestic life of the Carlyles, and mid-Victorian journalism are interesting in themselves. She has drawn sympathetically the character of a woman gifted with considerable vitality, who exploited all the resources of her nervous energy up to the very limits of womanly conduct in her day. Her material unfortunately cannot but be ephemeral. In such a life it is the bystander's comment, and not the detail of circumstance, which is subsequently valuable. Miss Howe shows herself to be too modest and too detached to venture that decisive appraisal. She has, however, done for Geraldine Jewsbury everything that can be desired by those who are interested in minor Victorian personalia.

A. DESMOND HAWKINS

DOUBTFUL REMEDIES

Wife *v.* Husband in the Courts. By CLAUD MULLINS. *Allen and Unwin.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

This is a book which is much more reliable when discussing what is wrong with the present state of things than when prescribing the remedy. It deals with the matrimonial work of the Courts of Summary Jurisdiction. With Mr. Mullins' criticisms of the law as it stands, and more particularly the practice and procedure of the "Police Courts" in these matters, most people with any inside knowledge will be in agreement. From the point of view of a practising advocate of nearly thirty years' experience I can say that things are a good deal worse than Mr. Mullins suggests. The imbecility of a law which gives "Police Courts" power to make separation orders with the utmost freedom without allowing them to grant divorce, although they can try the issue of adultery, is obvious, as is its effect on public morals. But it is with administration rather than with the law itself that this book is concerned.

Mr. Mullins' ideal magistrate appears to be the Eastern Cadi sitting under a palm tree. He would like to go back to the days when the measure of equity was the length of the Lord Chancellor's foot. As Sir E. Marley Samson points out in his Preface, what may be admirably adapted to "Police Courts" in cities and large urban areas may be unsuitable and impracticable in rural areas. It is not, perhaps, surprising, but it is appalling, how little is known and understood by Londoners of conditions in the provinces. It is possible, though I doubt it, that preliminary investigation and conciliation such as this book suggests may work well enough in the court of a stipendiary magistrate of long experience. The mere adjournment of cases to give an interval for reflection and the intervention of the probation officer or court missioner is, and has long been, a usual practice in most of the courts I know. Danger arises when the court is allowed to hear, and to hear in private, not only that an attempt at reconciliation has failed, but where the blame is thought to lie. Mr. Mullins admits that this is both illegal and dangerous, but he fails to recognise that with ordinary lay benches as at present constituted the preliminary investigation which he thinks so desirable and wishes to see legalised would inevitably lead to cases being prejudiced by hearsay evidence, and ultimately to their being decided in effect by the investigator and not the court. Few people are to be trusted to judge fairly where sexual questions are concerned.

Mr. Mullins refers to "uncontrolled judge-made law" with disapproval, but it is certainly preferable to allowing magistrates to make, or at any rate to stretch, the law in the way he advocates. After reading his book one is left with the uncomfortable impression that Mr. Mullins thinks the poor should be given the kind of justice that their betters think is good for them. It is significant that he would like to see the procedure of the Childrens' Courts applied in these matrimonial cases, and indeed extended further than in the Juvenile Courts. It is possibly old-fashioned to think it important that the law should, as far as possible, be certain and universal in its application, not dependent on the views of individual magistrates.

The book is useful so far as it leads to further consideration of questions which are both difficult and important. It will be dangerous if it is taken to represent the general opinion of those concerned in the work of the Courts of Summary Jurisdiction.

SOLICITOR

SHORTER NOTICES

Whiteway: A Colony on the Cotswolds. By NELLIE SHAW. *Daniel.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The author of this history of the Whiteway Colony writes from first-hand knowledge, for she joined the little community in the first year of its existence; and save for brief temporary absences has been in residence for over thirty-five years. She has seen the original theory of a Tolstoian communism break down as it was found that "all things in common" encouraged the parasite. The use of money, too, which was at first spurned, even for the purchase of postage stamps, was discovered to be necessary, however evil. Although something remains in Whiteway of the spirit that informed the pioneers, it is as a community of handcraftsmen that it flourishes to-day, a community in which the individual maintains his freedom. The story is well told, and the character sketches of the founders are lively and convincing.

Varennes: The Flight of Louis XVI (1791). By CESARE GIARDINI. Translated by UNA, LADY TROUBRIDGE. *Butterworth.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

In this story of Louis XVI's flight to Varennes the historical-critical is so neatly blended with the dramatic-imaginative that it has all the attraction of romance without damage to its historicity. The flight itself, which occupies the central pages of the book, is described both circumstantially and vividly, and the series of blunders that rendered it abortive is explained in the light of such documentary evidence as exists. In the opening chapters are discussed the many suggestions and plans for a royal flight from Paris that preceded the actual attempt, and the book concludes with some notes on the characters of those who helped and hindered the adventure, which, for all the stupidities that were committed, was so nearly successful.

On the Hooghly. By MALCOLM HAMILTON BEATTIE. *Philip Allan.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Beattie joined the Hooghly Pilot Service in 1878 and retired in 1913, and he here tells us of life on Calcutta's river as he lived it from his boyhood onwards. He opens with an account of the service as he found it, when at the age of sixteen, a cadet from the training ship *Worcester*, with no cares in the world, he started in it as a leadsman; and we have not read far before we recognise his power as a story-teller. Mr. Beattie writes with a gusto that more than makes up for any lack of the literary graces; and, when once the service has been described, yarn follows yarn, and character sketch character sketch, the latter being frequently decorated with a spirited drawing of a person or an incident. During his service in India Mr. Beattie rubbed shoulders with all manner of men, and of all he has something pertinent to say; but his raciest yarns are of the pilots and skippers with whom he lived and worked.

The Great Wall Crumbles. By GROVER CLARK. *Macmillan.* 15*s.*

In the preface with which Mr. Clark introduces this study of China, ancient and modern, he tells us that in writing it he had in mind neither the specialist in Far Eastern affairs nor the professional scholar. His appeal is to "those who seriously and sincerely want to know 'what it is all about.'" As not even the specialist or the scholar can tell that with any precision, this may sound a little audacious. But really Mr. Clark is modest enough. He has lived for many years in the Far East, and he seems to have studied closely all the modern developments in China and to have read widely if not profoundly in the older history of the country. He writes sympathetically and knowledgeably of the ancient civilisation, and he points clearly enough to the folly of the West in antagonising a Westernised China. Considering that Mr. Clark is an American addressing an American public, his references to European relations with China are unusually fair, and his argument throughout is directed towards a peaceful understanding of China's problems.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

BEETHOVEN'S *Fifth Symphony* makes a brave beginning to anything—even an article on gramophone records—and it is with real pleasure that I greet this new, and extremely cheap-at-the-price, recording by Sir Henry Wood and the Queen's Hall Orchestra (Decca, K757–60). One is accustomed to full-blooded playing under this conductor's baton, but the accuracy with which the orchestra performs the music, on this occasion, does not go without saying. If the violin tone is sometimes a trifle shrill, the *forti* are on the whole most satisfying—full, but not harsh. The rendering of the last movement is especially thrilling, and the famous transition passage receives most of its significance.

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Awarded the prize of the French Academy and the Heinemann Prize. Translated by Thomas McGreevy. "It is an excellent novel, brilliantly translated, a work of forceful polished realism in which the sanity, observation, humour and punch of the author illumine the grimness of the subject just as the ability of a surgeon renders innocuous the terrors of seeing him operate. . . . This is Montherlant's best book, and he now emerges as a fine mature observer of human nature with a devastating hatred of the old, the rich, the French." *New Statesman*. L.Cr 8vo 7/6 net.

ADVANCE INFORMATION. Publishing in August, **"Abyssinian Journey"** by Marcel Griaule. This book, by a great French scientist, was awarded the Prix Gringoire. A serious contribution to the knowledge of Abyssinian life and customs. About 8/6 net.

JOHN MILES, LTD., Amen Corner, London, E.C.4

round; perhaps the highest marks for both should go to Sir Thomas Beecham's contribution, the *Rossiniana Suite* of Respighi, performed by the London Philharmonic Orchestra (Col. LX391–2). This suite represents a "second pressing" of the set of piano pieces written by Rossini in the last years of his life, after he had given up composing operas. The first pressing produced the immortal *Boutique Fantasque*, and it would be too much to expect that the second should yield anything quite so good. Nevertheless, these new pieces—*Barcarolle*, *Siciliana*, *Intermezzo*, and *Tarantelle*—are perfectly delightful. Respighi, whatever may be thought of his own exceedingly eclectic music, is a thorough musician, and his instrumentation of this suite is as delicious as the very richest Buszárd cake. But why, O why, did Sir Thomas omit the *Lamento*, which is surely the best of the whole bunch? This magnificent piece of Lisztian romanticism, which exploits all the possibilities of orchestral bravura, would surely have been popular; its omission is enraging.

From Rossini to Auber the step is short, but this time it does not take us from the sublime to the ridiculous. The *Masaniello Overture* shows its composer at his best; it reminds one that the opera which it introduces is *opera seria*, and to this end it carries a good deal more guns than Auber, in his flippant way, was wont to do. Dr. Adrian Boult and the B.B.C. Orchestra give this open-air music its full quality (H.M.V. DB2364).

To those for whom chamber music is not merely an excuse for turning off the radio, the Prague Quartet's rendering of Dvorák's *String Quartet in A flat* (H.M.V. DB2423–5) will probably seem the best record of the month. This is exquisite music, of the late romantic sort, highly nostalgic, and full of that queer mixture of boisterous virility and almost hysterical emotionalism that separates Dvorák so sharply from the master with whom he has the most superficially in common—Brahms. It is music in which there are no half-tones: white is a stranger to Dvorák's palette, either in its pure state or as an exspissating medium. The Prague Quartet are an admirable ensemble, who perform the work with vibrant sureness of tone and complete understanding of the music.

Less satisfactory, but worth possessing for the lovely slow movement and minuet, is the *Mozart Quartet in E flat* (*K* 428), played by the Prisca Quartet (Decca DE7036–9). Unfortunately the players are not always quite in tune and the first violin is apt to quaver in sustained passages; otherwise the interpretation leaves little to be desired. The same applies to the Lener Quartet's recording of the popular *Andante Cantabile* from Tchaikovsky's *Quartet in D* (Col. LX393). Lener's sentimental solo-playing exactly suits the rather over-ripe atmosphere of this movement.

To those who enjoy the torture-by-music, I recommend Paganini's *Moto Perpetuo* and Bazzini's *Ronde des Lutins*, played, with an astonishing combination of accuracy and abandon, by Yehudi Menuhin (H.M.V. DB2414). The strident virtuosity of these pieces is only equalled by their utter lack of musical value. Balakireff's *Islamey*, on the other hand, though every bit as much a virtuoso piece, is one of the best of those works of transcendent execution for which Liszt's *Etudes* were intended to perfect the pianist's fingers. Thematically, the piece recalls Rimsky Korsakoff's *Scheherazade*. Cyril Smith takes it agreeably in his stride and gives an appearance of perfect ease to the almost intolerably difficult passages in which it abounds (H.M.V. C2755).

I have only two vocal records to mention this month, an aria from Mozart's *Cosi fan Tutte*—"*O verzeih, geliebter!*"—and the perennial "*Una Voce poco fa*" from Rossini's *Barbiere*. The first of these records is by far the best (Decca, CA8202). Felice Huni-Mihacsek has a warm, level tone which avoids harshness in the higher registers. The song, too, is an exceptionally lovely one. On the other hand, I cannot find it in me to praise Lily Pons' singing of the Rossini aria (H.M.V. DB2501). These cadenzas are only tolerable when sung in a perfectly inhuman, bird-like voice—such as Tetrazzini's, for instance. Mme. Pons' voice is hard without being bird-like, her *fioriture* are never quite clean, and she remains far too long on the high notes—even allowing for the licence usually accorded in such songs.

The question how much longer the present type of dance-tune can continue to multiply itself cannot remain open for ever; signs are not absent that what economists call saturation-point is fast being reached. It is becoming increasingly difficult for the composers of jazz to ring any more changes on the thematic and rhythmic shapes and harmonic idioms which have now sufficed them for nearly twenty years, and it is significant that the tunes they now produce are almost uniformly weaker and more monotonous than those they were producing during the "roaring Twenties." Thus, from this month's batch I have had the greatest difficulty in extracting a few that diverge in the smallest degree from any one out of the appalling plethora of dance-tunes which have been flung on the market year after year. The best are, of course, by Cole-Porter, whose *You're the Top* is one of the most amusing songs of the last ten years. Unfortunately, English adapters of this song have thought it necessary to substitute English verses for most of those in the original version, to the great detriment of the humour. With this reservation, the best rendering seems to be that of Ambrose (Decca F5539); the obverse of this record has another popular number from the same revue, *All Through the Night*. For listeners, I recommend—but not with much enthusiasm—*Lonely Little Dancer*, played by Roy Fox and his band (Decca F5576), and *Life is a Song*, sung by Carroll Gibbons and the Savoy Orpheans (Col. FB1066). The latter tune has a fairly high percentage of sex appeal. Norah Blaney and Gwen Farrar contribute a rather successful potpourri of *Old Favourites* (H.M.V. B8321) which, being old, have a good deal more pungency than the watered stuff we are treated to nowadays. Another potpourri, from that very pretty show, *The Flying Trapeze*, has one or two fairly good tunes and a great deal of general gaiety (Col. DX696).

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Week-end Competitions

No. 280

Set by John Marks

Recently a traveller, embarking on the same boat as Aimée McPherson, insured himself against "getting" religion on the voyage. What five current "risks" of this sort in modern life, not usually covered by the policies issued by insurance firms in this country, do you consider most inconvenient and most worth guarding against? A First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea are offered for the best entries.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, August 2nd.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 278

Set by Gerald Bullett

You are the very young editor of a literary monthly, and you are a passionate adherent of the modernist school of literature. All goes well until your proprietor, a kind-hearted middle-aged woman, for whom you have an affectionate regard, takes to writing verses which she wistfully hopes you will print. They are not bad verses by normal standard, but they belong to the wrong school: they are rhymed and metrical and conventionally punctuated: they turn your literary stomach. After receiving a number of these effusions, and doing nothing about it, you at last decide to send the whole lot back with a tactful letter. But what *is* tactful in such circumstances? Jocularity might be taken amiss. Stark sincerity would wound. And the customary excuses (shortage of space and so on) would have a more than usually hollow sound. For such a letter, containing not less than 150 words and not more than 300, we offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea. The verses in question may be quoted from, and discussed, if the writer so desires.

Report by Gerald Bullett

Somewhat to my surprise this competition attracted a large shoal of entries. It looks as though belief in the exquisiteness of one's own tact were a universal delusion. Many of the competitors, however, were content to be merely amusing: which was not quite what I wanted. My business was to judge each letter by calculating its effect, not on the disinterested general reader, but on the imaginary recipient. Fulsomeness and sarcasm were obviously, and equally, to the bad. An obsequiously deferential tone would add insult to injury (if I may coin a phrase), and stark impudence (such as was provided by a gentleman residing in Oporto) could hardly be supposed to have the desired effect. A favourite excuse, and not a bad one either, was that the poems would

fail of their full effect unless they appeared together, in book-form. I liked, too, D. M. Dickie's remark: "I could not help wondering if your poems might not tend to shock some of our younger readers." Plausible and sometimes entertaining letters came from W. E. B. Henderson, G. H. Bosworth, A. Jacob, Damon, Jane Short, Joan Jukes ("Would it be right to expose your gentle verse to the rough and tumble of the pioneering page?"), A. M. Laing, Marion Peacock, D. W. Phillips, and M.S. But two entries seem to me to stand high above the others: L. V. Upward's and John Stevenson's. The first of these happens to be funny, but that is not part of the intention of the imaginary writer. He is evidently a very solemn and humorless young gentleman, and it is reasonable to suppose that "Mrs. X," being accustomed to his literary idiom, would be impressed by the cogency and touched by the sincerity of his letter. But John Stevenson's letter, in its totally different way, is no less excellent. I find it impossible to decide that either of these two, all things considered, is better than the other: I therefore recommend that the two prizes be pooled, and the pool equally divided.

PRIZE (1)

DEAR MRS. X.

was a paper chancegiving for un or little knowns agreed we all we starting it but you are not are you you not are un or little known no no no as art patron kind philanthropic allknown you to intelligentsia among consideration-worthy reputation yours and worldwide if poet not such as so known so too so much. so it so so making it so impossible then when paper policy agreed believed favoured so opposing it if so printing you is that not? bad faithkeeping insinuations assertions charges cascading all sides Mrs. X taking robbing stealing un or little knowns space allknown she answer how? Cannot I cannot I I nor you you nor I we both I most and you understanding it now. here back then poems and regrets bitter if disappointingly back bitter most if why not understood but not likely this now surely understanding you have much much it you have to and always with it kindness shown it plenty too to

Yours kindly

The Editor.

L. V. UPWARD

PRIZE (2)

DEAR LADY SPONSOR,

Following your suggestion about a half-yearly audit, I got Jenkins on to this at once, and to-day had McNulty, the junior partner to lunch with me at the Reform. He was very amusing and informative about the Wednesday. Doubts if it can last another dozen issues with Mary's Frensham's fulminations stunning every other page! Would be all right if she could only be induced to stick to foreign politics, of which she *does* know something, and not imagine herself another Hazlitt. McNulty most optimistic as to *our* future. Says we've turned the corner, and should show a fair balance in December. He is strongly of the opinion we ought to develop on present lines, and not venture unduly on ones—so far at any rate—undemanded by our public. Jenkins will have the figures ready by to-morrow, when I will send a copy, and shall be very glad of your comments and any suggestions that occur to you. By the way, I take this opportunity of sending back your verses for re-perusal—partly in view of McNulty's recommendation, and partly because I find it difficult to say which I like best. Have you any *special* wishes in the matter?

Yours very sincerely,

P. Ercussion Cartridge.

JOHN STEVENSON

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 135.—INVOCATION

Dr. Wackem assembled the eight prefects in his study.

"Well, boys," he said, "here we are again. Since it seems impossible to discover who released the mice in the laboratory, I propose to give seven of you a flogging. Lest, however, it be said that I do not temper justice with mercy, the eighth will go unscathed."

"And which of us is the eighth, Sir?" asked Nosey.

"That," said the Doctor, "I propose to leave to the arbitrament of chance. Let us all seat ourselves at the table."

"In any order, Sir?" asked Crayfish.

"In any order," said the Doctor. "I propose—to adopt a phrase of Macbeth's—to push you one at a time from your stools; the lad who lasts longest can laugh the loudest."

The boys were seated in the following order. On the Doctor's right, Crayfish; next to him, Jay; then Stingo, Nosey, Boor, Lollipop-Lollipop, Widdershins, and Foolardy on the Doctor's left.

"What happens now?" asked Boor. "An invocation to call fools into a circle?"

"Ha, Boor," said the Doctor, "very good! What we want, however, is an invocation to call fools out of one. Yours will serve, by the way, as well as any other. A pity, though, that, under its operation, you become Public Victim No. 1."

Which boy escaped flogging?

PROBLEM 133.—BEAUTY QUEENS

To comply with the general conditions of the problem, there must be either 6 or 7 Beauty Queens. For six Queens are named, while, if there are more than seven, it is not possible to utilise every stipulated distribution of votes.

Experiment shows, however, that there cannot be six Queens, since the data then become meaningless. Hence there must be seven.

Calling the seventh Queen X, the following distribution of votes alone fully satisfies the data:

	Salt.	D.	Spl.	T.	W.	Sand.	X.
Saltville ..	▦	1	1	1	1	0	3
Dipwell ..	1	▦	2	1	1	1	1
Splasham ..	1	1	▦	2	2	1	0
Tangotown ..	2	0	3	▦	0	0	2
Whelkbourne ..	0	1	0	3	▦	3	0
Sandybeach ..	1	2	0	0	3	▦	1
X	2	2	1	0	0	2	▦

Hence Miss Sandybeach gives Miss Dipwell TWO votes.

PROBLEM 132.—FACTUAL

A set of Low's cartoons goes to H. C. Hall, 5 Shafton Road, London, E.9.

Seven points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize, consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

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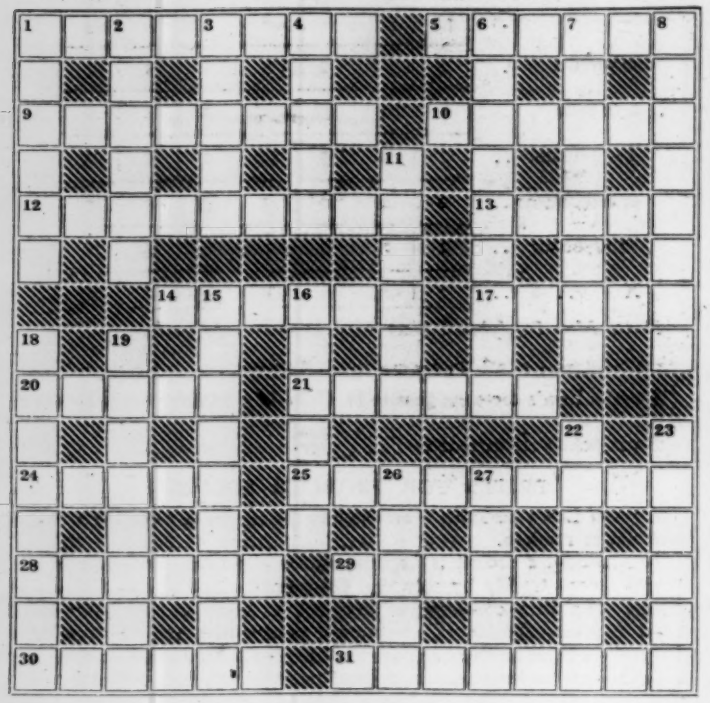
WEEK-END CROSSWORD 281

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Douglas Hawson, The Mount, Rillington, Malton, Yorks.

ACROSS

1. Craftily produced no doubt.
5. Reduced speedily.
9. A peer is ordered to disembark.
10. Grows big as smart people.
12. The little one would not build an Empire.
13. Shows how some get upset about nothing.
14. Turn the boat in.
17. They do not grow exclusively in widows' gardens.
20. Comparatively equal sort of cuticle remover.
21. Gloss.
24. Get in a touch of colour.
25. Never successfully chased.
28. How the young lady of Riga returned from her ride.
29. Diagonal description of teeth on edge.
30. He guards the way in with a double bend.
31. Seedy description of stocks not up to standard.

DOWN

1. "Give him a present! give him a ——"
2. A minor state.
3. Sounds a useful island for brewers.
4. Challenged evil for the reckless.
6. Does not allow the grass to grow under it.
7. Such victory does not usually involve trampling one's opponents underfoot.
8. Give out chemically.
11. These birds lift things mechanically.
15. Public man who's bound to end in barter.
16. Permits for November 1 without a hall.
18. Bungalow dwellers avoid going there.
19. Father's relatively impossible opinion of his boy.
22. This is not the award to the international footballer.
23. Ecclesiastical head of a university.
26. Glare in a big way.
27. A breeze over nothing.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

P	A	U	L	P	R	Y	■	B	E	D	E	C	K	S
I	■	N	■	E	■	A	■	A	■	A	■	A	■	P
C	H	A	P	T	E	R	A	N	D	V	E	R	S	E
C	■	C	■	T	■	N	■	K	■	I	■	R	■	A
O	U	T	B	I	D	S	■	B	E	D	R	O	C	K
L	■	E	■	C	■	■	■	O	■	■	T	■	E	
O	L	D	G	O	L	D	■	O	P	P	O	S	E	R
■	■	■	■	A	■	E	L	K	■	A	■	■	■	
S	C	E	P	T	I	C	■	S	A	R	D	I	N	E
E	■	Y	■	■	■	K	■	■	■	A	■	N	■	A
A	S	E	P	T	I	C	■	A	C	C	U	S	E	S
M	■	H	■	I	■	H	■	N	■	H	■	T	■	T
S	T	O	P	M	E	A	N	D	B	U	Y	O	N	E
E	■	L	■	E	■	I	■	E	■	T	■	R	■	R
T	R	E	A	D	E	R	■	S	H	E	B	E	E	N

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GERALD HEARD on "'Manifesto.' To-day."
C. T. C. SHARP on "Reddie of Abbotsholme—and After."
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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

MONETARY POLICY AND THE BANKS' STATEMENTS—TIN CONTROL—BRAZILIAN BONDS AND URUGUAYAN

LET us examine the half-yearly statements of the joint stock banks. It is not so dry a subject as it appears, for to read the policy of our monetary rulers from these abbreviated statements of account is almost as intriguing and as baffling as a problem set by Caliban. Is there any conscious direction of our monetary affairs? If so, is it seated at the Treasury or at the Bank of England? It is a monstrous thing that we should even have to ask this question. Monetary control should be vested in a Minister responsible to Parliament, who should give from time to time a full account of his stewardship. If cheap money is the Government's policy, the responsible minister should reveal the steps taken to maintain it each half year. If the Bank of England and the joint stock banks were nationalised, intelligible public statements would have to follow as a matter of course. As things are, the financial journalist has to make his guesses from the weekly jig-saw puzzles of the Bank of England and the monthly cross-words of the joint stock banks. It was bad enough in the old days, but now that the Treasury manages a £375 millions fund for Exchange Equalisation, whose operations are wrapt in mystery, the job has become desperate.

* * *

My own guess is that the Bank of England had to hand over monetary control to the Treasury on the institution of the Exchange Equalisation Fund and that the Governor of the Bank has been forced to keep money cheap and plentiful against his own inclinations. The City Editor of the *Times* loses no opportunity to tell his readers that a little rise in bank rate would do no harm, i.e., would not affect the long-term rate of interest, and that very cheap money is dangerous because it induces speculation in commodities and makes the City misbehave. This argument might have been culled from the fanatically gold-minded economists—Professors Robbins and Gregory—but it is much more likely to have taken shape in the ante-rooms of the Bank of England. However, whether by *force majeure* or by the operations of the Exchange Equalisation Fund or by chance, the Bank of England has maintained cheap money in the past twelve months by a limited inflation of bank credit. As compared with June 30th, 1934, the cash and balances at the Bank of England of the London clearing banks have increased by £20½ millions. But they did not expand credit as much as they might have done. An increase of £20½ millions in bank cash would have enabled their deposits to rise by £205 millions on the normal cash ratio of 10 per cent. But their deposits actually increased by only £123.8 millions, the cash ratio advancing from 10.2 per cent. to 10.6 per cent. In other words, the banks failed to find additional earning assets sufficient to use up their resources. Advances increased by £22.8 millions, investments by £67 millions, and discounts by £10.9 millions. The ratio of cash and assets to deposits of the "big five" joint stock banks is set out in the following table:

RATIO OF CASH AND ASSETS TO DEPOSITS OF THE "BIG FIVE" JOINT STOCK BANKS AS ON JUNE 30TH.

Cash.		Discounts.		Investments.		Advances.	
1934.	1935.	1934.	1935.	1934.	1935.	1934.	1935.
%	%	%	%	%	%	%	%
10.2	10.6	12.4	12.0	28.1	29.9	40.7	39.3

The joint stock banks work upon a combined ratio of advances plus investments to deposits of about 70 per cent. If advances further increase with an expansion of trade, deposits will also increase, but the combined ratio of advances and investments will then exceed 70 per cent. To prevent the joint stock banks being forced to sell investments to restore their conventional ratios, the Bank of England will then have to increase further the basis of bank cash. The record of the past twelve months suggests that the Treasury will not be afraid to order the Bank of England to do so. Better enlarge the resources of the banks than precipitate a slump in the gilt-edged market.

* * *

Now that it is no longer possible to accuse Mr. Howeson of squeezing the tin market—Mr. Howeson has ceased to be one of the advisers of the tin control and the private pool has expired—abuse is being hurled at the International Tin Committee. My friend the City Editor of the *News Chronicle* is trying his best to accuse the Committee of cornering the tin market. Something undoubtedly is wrong. The cash price of tin has been fluctuating wildly—after touching £245, it is now £233 per ton—and the backwardation has been as high as £12 per ton (now £10). Theoretically it is only possible to explain this backwardation by the existence of a speculative "bear" account. The bulk of the normal dealings on the London Metal Exchange are in forward metal, not in spot. Consumers normally buy forward and the smelters, when they buy ore from producers, sell forward the metal content of the ore. If speculators enter the market and sell tin forward which they do not possess, and if stocks are so low that they find it difficult to procure physical tin on the day of delivery, a large premium will be paid for spot tin. It seems incredible that speculators should be still selling tin short, but there is a widespread belief that the tin restriction scheme will not be renewed after the end of 1936. Malaya is dissatisfied with its quota, having had to concede exceptionally favourable terms to Siam and the Belgian Congo, and, as the latter could double their present output, it is doubtful whether they can be persuaded to remain "restricted" when the present agreement terminates. The world is consuming about 130,000 tons of tin at the present time, and the potential world production, without restriction, is about 200,000 tons per annum. If the restriction scheme were to be abandoned at the end of 1936 the price of tin might well fall from the present level of £233 per ton to £90 per ton or under. The International Tin Committee is composed of men of goodwill who dislike the abnormal conditions in the tin market as much as the London Metal Exchange, but if they are wise they will do something to improve the cumbrous machinery of their control. The production quotas were increased to 45 per cent. of standard in April and to 50 per cent. as from July 1st. What is wanted is an immediate increase to 55 per cent. with retrospective effect, so that producers can unload the stocks which have accumulated on the fields. I have no doubt that world stocks at 15,301 tons (12 per cent. of annual consumption) are too low to allow the market to work smoothly.

* * *

The fall in the market in Brazilian bonds is disturbing, but it should not unduly alarm the holders of the 5 per cent. Funding loans. I suspect that the recent selling started in Italy, which is liquidating its foreign assets to put its exchanges on a war footing, and has been carried further by the "bears." Brazilian exports have fallen off this year, less coffee having been sold at lower prices, but under the foreign exchange regulation of February last the Government requires 35 per cent. of all export exchange acquired by banks in Brazil to be surrendered to the Treasury to meet the payments on foreign debt and frozen credits. On the basis of the first four months' exports this year, the 35 per cent. quota should have yielded the equivalent of £6 millions sterling. The foreign debt service requires about £10 millions sterling a year, but the Funding loans which have a prior charge, take only £2,413,000 sterling in 1935/36 and £2,836,000 in 1937. The Brazilian Government has signed a trade agreement with America binding itself to reserve a sufficient amount of exchange to ensure the service of the loans issued in the United States, but whether the dollar bonds will actually rank ahead of the sterling bonds is uncertain. The present market prices are as follows:

	High 1935.	Present Price.	Yield % Flat.	Redemption.
Sterling.				
5% Funding, 1898	98¼	79½	£6 6 3	£6 16 9 (July, 1957)
5% Funding, 1914	84½	59	£8 12 3	£8 16 6 (Aug., 1975)
5% 20-year Funding Loan of 1931	80	57	£8 19 6	£10 17 0 (Oct., 1951)
„ 40-year 1931	68	57	£8 19 6	£9 5 3 (Oct., 1971)
Dollar.				
Brazil Funding 5%, 1951	73	54½	£9 3 6	£11 3 0 (1951)

By way of contrast with Brazilian bonds, Uruguay bonds have risen sharply. The rise is deserved. The British Government has made an excellent exchange agreement with Uruguay, requiring practically the whole of the sterling proceeds of Uruguayan exports to this country to be set aside as an exchange quota to meet the payments due to sterling creditors. The service of the sterling Uruguayan debt is a first charge on the exchange quota and the Uruguay 3½ per cent. Consolidated Loan ranks ahead of the other loans. Interest on all the Uruguay sterling debt has been reduced to 3½ per cent. and the total interest charge amounts to about £630,000 a year, together with an amount to cover the service of the 3½ per cent. "unfreezing" bonds. I venture to recommend an exchange from Province of Buenos Aires 3½ per cent. sterling bonds, quoted at 62 to yield £5 15*s.* per cent. into Uruguay 3½ per cent. Consolidated at 52 to yield £6 17*s.* 3*d.* per cent.

What's Wrong with South Wales?

SUPPLEMENT SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1935

A NEW DIAGNOSIS AND PATENT REMEDY BY A GENERAL PRACTITIONER

What little town by river or sea-shore,
Or mountain built with quiet citadel
Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn?
Keats.

Take your seats, please. First stop Newport!

This important announcement is urgently repeated along the length of the Great Western train from the van at its tail to the engine at its head by the polite guard on Paddington platform, and you have no excuse if you find yourself carried helplessly through Reading and Swindon. For the first forty miles you speed past the factories for the making of light-fingered luxuries, and past the rash of small houses which sprawl over the fields bordering the Thames in blotches of brick and concrete, insulting the stately mansions of the rich until they capitulate and are converted into "country" clubs and pretentious public-houses. In less than three hours the train dives beneath the Severn and emerges in a region which is linked with England in a myriad ways and yet leads a distinct and self-conscious life of its own. Your first impressions as you cross the border and pull up at Newport are of mud and ruin, the yellow mud of the tidal Usk and the beery ruin of the castle, once brewery, on its bank. Nor is this impression relieved by the series of pine ends of rows of workmen's dwellings murally decorated with advertisements of purgatives. It is a squalid approach to a squalid region.

Superficially the population resembles that found on any other stretch of British territory, for it has within it men and women of English, Scotch and Irish birth and ancestry. But here the presence of a basic and indigenous Welsh element is something quickly savoured by the stranger. It makes a difference visible and vocal. You will already have detected it in the train travelling down, in the small stature and swift movements, in the speech, and still more in the intonation of your fellow-passengers. They are sensitive to sound and there is historical evidence that they have been lovers of oratory and melody for a score of centuries. They still revel in lyrical sermons and nostalgic hymn-tunes. For this reason they have been compared with the negroes of the Southern States, but the skins of the Welsh are white and they are not accused of having body odour. They differ also from their Irish cousins in their dislike not of secret but of sanguinary assassination. They stab their enemies, but only with their tongues. These same tongues, which are capable of the most exalted sentiments during divine worship, can also pour forth blasphemous maledictions of unparalleled range and force, when provoked to anger. This appears to be specially true of foremen and under-managers when promoted to positions of control in the coalpits.

The Good Old Days

For two centuries two convulsive forces have contended for the domination of the Welsh people, the one moved with a desire to enslave their bodies, the other with a desire to emancipate their souls. Before the advent of these revolutionaries the inhabitants of the Principality had been reasonably happy though poor. They had been partial to the Stuarts and their religion had not yet clamped them into a strait waistcoat. They celebrated the saints days with revelry, sport and part-singing. Sunday was a day of merriment. Dancing and card-playing were enjoyed within the church precincts after morning service, which for centuries was conducted in Latin and was not perfectly comprehended by the laity. The clergyman sometimes was landlord of the adjoining ale-house, and what he lost on the pews he gained on the benches and settles. Impromptu singing of satirical verse enabled old scores to be paid off without fisticuffs. Fiddlers and tinkers, beggars and ballad-mongers, provided the villages with picturesque visitors and with news of the wide world beyond its borders. Politics were a jolly fight between the great families, the Vaughans and the Prices, the Wynns and the Glynns, and elections were remunerative to all but the candidates.

Wales was then a pastoral country. There were sheep on the uplands, goats on the rocks and cattle on the lowlands. The hospitality of the Welsh is proverbial and of long standing. Domestic animals were often invited to share the one living-room, and any parasitic members of the insect world they brought with them were no less welcome at bed and board. Cold and hunger, dirt and disease, were not the uncomfortable obsessions they have since become to a softer generation; when a child or a cow died the visitation was assigned to supernatural powers, to the mysterious mercy of God or to the still more mysterious malevolence of the Devil. Either interpretation was evidence of a simple and confiding piety. Cloth and cattle were the chief exports across the Border. There was not one but several standards of measure for the pound, the bushel, and the yard. This absence of a dull and rigid uniformity gave abundant scope for that chaffering in varying values which has matured into the ambiguities of the seaside landlady and the urban jerry-builder. It is a quality which is not confined to the Welsh; indeed, it may be said to find its most advanced and profitable exemplification in the City of London. One of the attractive characteristics of the unspoiled Welsh of this period was their habit of submission to the will of Heaven and their readiness to endure toil and pain and poverty, if only thereby they could enrich their masters and betters.

Though I am but poor and mean,
I will move the rich to love me,
If I'm modest, neat and clean,
And submit when they reprove me.

As the eighteenth century advanced travellers began to explore the Principality, sometimes on horseback and sometimes by coach, and they returned to London to publish romantic tales of their adventures. These Companions, Guides, Mirrors, Diaries, short relations of long journeys, and long relations of short journeys, are full of descriptions of the wild grandeur of the landscape, the quaint habits of the natives, and their apocalyptic visions of the Last Day, Punishment, and the World of Spirits. Unlike their English neighbours the Welsh were credulous and superstitious and they spoke in a tongue described by one of the enlightened visitors as "inarticulate and guttural, sounding more like the gobbling of geese and turkeys than the speech of rational creatures." It will always remain a mystery how it was ever possible to translate the Hebrew and Greek scriptures into such a language. Divine inspiration, direct and verbal, remains the most plausible explanation. And the Heavenly Muse must be called in aid to account for the mastery of four and twenty metres required to qualify for admission into the circle of the bards.

But this Arcadian, if somewhat insanitary, country, "By green-hills fenc'd, by ocean's murmur lull'd," was destined to be rudely disturbed by the two bands of revolutionaries aforesaid. In the eighteenth century explorers from the north and the midlands of England discovered that an inscrutable Providence had secreted a bountiful supply of precious minerals beneath the scanty pastures of South Wales. Coal and ironstone were found in abundance near the surface of the upper reaches of the valleys of Glamorgan and Monmouth. These valleys run down to the sea, ribbed like fans and tied together at Newport, Cardiff and Swansea. Before the pioneers arrived the population had been sparse and scattered. In 1800 the total inhabitants of the Principality hardly exceeded half a million, and some fraction of these were the sole repositories of the ancient Celtic language. But with the coming of the makers of Empire the undiluted Welsh of the literary travellers were transformed into a novel mixture by means of a spontaneous policy of transfer unplanned and unassisted by any Government Department. Coal and iron proved more powerful magnets than scenery and song. Thousands were drawn into the new villages from beyond the Border, from south-western England and from Ireland. The crowding together sent up the birth rate even faster than the death rate. New customs were introduced by the thronging intruders which seemed to the untutored and untravelled natives more barbaric than their own had seemed to the earlier English tourists. No doubt the civilisation of Ireland possesses all the colour and magic that the Irish poets have claimed

for it, but it was difficult to discover traces of the Country of Immortal Youth and the Land of the Living Heart in the plague-stricken and destitute Irish who landed in the South Welsh ports. They gave evidence neither of culture nor of enterprise, they achieved no engineering skill nor organising eminence; but the absence of these qualities was compensated by their active proliferation, which supplied the expanding industries with cheap labour in abundance. In the early years of the change the preponderance of the Welsh element was strong enough not only to repel some of the foreign customs, but also to absorb and mould many of the newcomers into conformity with the native tradition. It was not uncommon to find bilingual English and Irish families.

The Industrial Revolution

Throughout the nineteenth century the Industrial Revolution proceeded on its all-conquering way and produced in South Wales that amazing Progress for which it is so richly famous. The newly found mineral wealth underground and the ceaseless inventions above ground combined to multiply the number and add to the amount of everything, not only men, women and children, but all that can be comprehensively described as imports and exports. Progress indeed tended more and more to be identified with the level at which imports and exports stood recorded on the trade barometer. Master-builders of the new civilisation appeared on the scene and determined the life and labour of the valley people for a century. There had already been the Mackworths and the Mansells, the Hanburys and the Homfrays, and now came the Vivians and Crawshays, the Darbys and Guests, the Nixons and Norths, the Butes and Maclarens, with a stray Davies and Thomas thrown in as a "sport" deviating from the main species, the series culminating in the plain Baldwins and the ennobled Berrys. A dozen conspicuous families ruled in the valleys with rods of iron, disembowelled their depths of their vital energies, piled up into the sky pyramidical slag heaps overtopping the ridges of the hills, black monuments of the beneficent rule of the modern Pharaohs. Welsh coal kept the home fires burning on half the hearths of Europe, and day and night passenger and freight trains traversed great continents from New York to San Francisco and from Calcutta to Bombay on rails rolled and straightened in the Dowlais mills. It was a wonderful century.

> The great metallic beast
> Expanding West and East
> His heart and spinning coil
> His juices burning oil
> His body serpentine
>
> . . . .
>
> Rivet and girder, motor and dynamo,
> Pillar of smoke by day and fire by night,
> The steel-faced cities reaching at the skies,
> The whole enormous and rotating cage . . .

The miners worked like blacks, on their backs and on their bellies—if that is how blacks work—in the bowels of the earth, and the puddlers swilled down barrels of beer at the furnaces and sweated them out again for the sake of the Progress of Imports and Exports. Coal-owners and ironmasters patriotically risked all they possessed and all they could borrow in order to extend the frontiers of the British Commonwealth and the range of profitable business, whichever was the wider. And on balance and in the long run, if not in the short, they were repaid both for their self-denying abstinence in postponing the enjoyment of their capital and their courage in taking risks. In due course they were honoured by a grateful country and a discerning Sovereign with invitations to Buckingham Palace, and to some were given monuments, in the frock coats and top hats of the period, for the adornment of the national park at Cardiff. That the enterprise of these rugged pioneers was justified has been amply demonstrated by the careers of their descendants unto the third and fourth generation. Many of these have escaped the primal curse, but if they have not needed to work they have not been inactive or indifferent to the higher interests of mankind. There are polo ponies on Long Island, palatial stables at Manton, pedigree bulls outside Hereford, yachts on the Solent, gardens on the Riviera, tapestries in many mansions, altars in Westminster Cathedral, all of which owe their beautiful being in part to the subterranean and superheated sweat of the toiling miners. So long as any of these survive it cannot be said that they sweated to no purpose.

Nor is it uninspiring, though it may be slightly paradoxical, to observe that the grandchildren of the rugged pioneers, when they have not been hunting the fox or the otter, have laboured directly or by deputy to amass the products of the pre-revolutionary era: Old Masters, Old Furniture, Old Silver, each work of art stamped

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with the genius of some individual craftsman, who had no need to prostrate himself on his back nor on his front to execute it. These possessions are not only proper objects of pride on the part of their owners and evidence of an enviable county status and culture, but they have the advantage of holding wealth in cold storage, so to speak, and in a form less amenable, if not inaccessible, to taxation. Nowhere does one see suspended in the hall or the billiard room a miner's pick and shovel or a puddler's tongs, but only the antlers of deer, the heads of foxes, and other trophies of the chase. It cannot be that the scions of the rude forefathers desire to forget the rock whence they were hewn or the hole of the pit whence they were digged. But some colour is given to this uncharitable view by the remoteness from the valleys of their present and pleasant dwelling-places, their houses full of good things, which they filled not, their cisterns and cellars, which they hewed not, filled with fruit of the vineyards which they planted not, as foretold in the Fifth Book of Moses, commonly called Deuteronomy. Thus in the course of time creative activity is transformed into contemplative possession, and Progress is stabilised.

We wish our survey of South Wales could rest here with the reader in a thankful mood. But in the interest of historical truth it has to be confessed that these striking achievements of the Industrial Revolution were not secured without protest in some quarters. Envy and ingratitude, while not unknown among other nations, are especially characteristic of the Welsh. The story of King Lear is derived from Geoffrey of Monmouth's *Historia Britonum*, which professes to be founded on a Welsh chronicle. Human ingratitude is a main theme of Shakespeare's play.

The Religious Revival

South Wales to-day is the offspring of the Industrial Revolution, but it has never been properly grateful to its parent. The roots of the present discontents are traceable to the activities of the second body of revolutionaries, an Oxford Group, who set out in the eighteenth century to turn the world upside down, as the coal-heavers had turned it downside up at the bidding of the Pharaohs already mentioned who raised the pyramids of slag and rubbish on the green hilltops. All through the nineteenth century these two hosts have been fundamentally, though not always superficially, opposed. To the one Welshmen were workmen, to the other they were sinners; to the one all bodies to be bruised and broken for the salvation of this world, to the other all souls to be saved and sanctified for eternal life in the next. You cannot understand the history or present state of South Wales without taking into account the preachers of the Christian Gospel who began in the eighteenth century to form small cells of believers from which spread the most disturbing and subversive propaganda. These cells were called societies and they grew into congregations which assembled openly and regularly in hideous conventicles and village Bethels. There they were addressed by men with an extraordinary gift of tongues. Their sermons were a series of moving pictures, resembling in some ways the speeches of Mr. Lloyd George. Parable, miracle, crucifixions, resurrections, transfigurations, ascensions, days of judgment, cherubs and seraphs, angels and fiends, harps and hell-fire, all the oriental equipage of the Celestial and Infernal Empires, as seen through a fusion of Miltonic and Celtic imagination, made a profound and permanent impression on the ignorant worshippers. It was inevitable that some notions, with little or no relation to reality and unworthy to be called ideas, should have filtered through all the play-acting and oratory, leaving a deposit of fabulous doctrine in the minds of the common people, who at that time had neither secondary schools nor university colleges to show them the truth. Of these fables the one that chiefly concerns us here is the doctrine of a special Providence. The preachers transferred this from the Jews and made it apply to the Welsh, contending that they too were sons of one Father, children of God, precious in His sight. They pushed the doctrine to extreme lengths; there was a special providence in the fall of a sparrow; no sparrow is forgotten in the sight of God; men were of more value than sparrows, and the very hairs of their head were all numbered and recorded by Heaven's Registrar-General. This extraordinary notion was accepted and applied *simpliciter* with the ridiculous consequences which might have been foreseen. It was illegitimately transferred from the conventicles to the coalpits with results even more explosive than firedamp. In the days of the Old Religion of the country there had, it is true, been panoramas in the churches treating of similar dramatic themes to those enumerated above, but they had frankly been charming plays, miracle-plays, mystery-plays, corresponding to our picture-papers and not meant to be taken too seriously. But these itinerant gospellers of the eighteenth century, and their more instructed successors in the nineteenth, kept up an incessant persuasive and dead-in-earnest propaganda which, stripped of all its trapping, amounted to this—that the humblest individual, even if in receipt of parish relief, was neither tool nor chattel, but an End in Himself or Herself, with a vital spark of heavenly flame burning, however dimly, in his or her immortal soul. (They admitted no sex discrimination.) A moment's reflection will show that the effect of this inflationary theory was bound in the short run to send up prices and in the long run to prove detrimental, if not disastrous, to the unimpeded increase of Imports and Exports. It sent up the wages of labour in opposition to the deflationary policy of the employers. And it led to all sorts of hampering restrictions which did not apply in those countries which had not hot gospellers, or if they had, had the sense, the economic sense, to pay no attention to them.

National Characteristics

But the Welsh, as we have seen, are a credulous nation, and anything which can be dressed up as idealism has a fatal fascination for them. Their intelligence has a rapid, breathless quality; it is never in repose and is always imagining some new Utopia, reminiscent of harps and angels and white robes. They are like the Greeks in this, and of them it is said that they built their towns to the sound of the lyre. But the Greeks never had to wrestle with an Industrial Revolution. We Englishmen feed ourselves with facts and deduce our faith from them; the Welsh bring their faith to the facts, and if they clash so much the worse for the facts. They are nothing if not unpractical. They call their country the Land of the White Gloves because all its pits and tips are black. The latest historian of the Anglo-Saxons, Mr. Hodgkin, tells us that when the Germanic tribes drove the Britons into the fastnesses of the West they created in Arthur a national hero whose fame was to obscure that of the unremembered Germans. They wove a gorgeous web of fiction round the sordid realities of their long struggle and ultimate defeat. Once a year the Welsh bards array themselves in white nightgowns in broad daylight and gather round a miniature Zodiacal Stonehenge and practise pagan rites, shouting metrical stanzas in their unintelligible tongue to the sun and moon. The Welsh language has become to them such an obsession that they cannot see it is at an end. They praise the plumage and forget the dying bird.

But these quixotics matter little. If the Welsh confined their idealism to the chapel and the language and the Eisteddfod, no one could reasonably complain, certainly no monoglot Englishman. What is deplorable is that the Welsh, with characteristic intemperance, carry their idealism into the realm of economics and industry, where it is out of place and where its influence is pernicious and damaging to imports and exports, which remain, after all is said, the safest test of Progress. It is impossible for the Industrial Revolution to go on revolving and to yield the optimum statistics if its wheels are clogged with idealism. And this is precisely what has been happening in South Wales for many years past and why it has reached its present sorry plight. Throughout the second half of the nineteenth century right up to the Great War, and even after the Great Peace which was to end all international strife—so these credulous children believed—this idealism has worked in the veins of the Welsh like a secret malady, breaking out periodically in ugly eruptions and disfiguring the fair face of industrial society. Men with good English names, plebeian names like Cook and Onions, names redolent of the chase like Brace and Hartshorn, who happened to dwell in the valleys, were not immune from the infection, and all four suffered from boils and rash during a prolonged mental adolescence.

"Special" Areas

The Master of Balliol, an able commentator on the Idealism of Immanuel Kant, has objected to the valleys being described as *depressed* or *distressed*, and a Highland Prime Minister welcomed the substitution and use of the term *special*. For what we do not see does not really happen; still less so if we change its name. We submit that the proper label is *diseased*, and we shall show that what is required is a major operation. South Wales is suffering from malnutrition of the mind, not of the body, and all this attention that is being bestowed on the dietetic scale of the British Medical Association is based on a false diagnosis and is largely irrevelant. It is agreed that under a dole economy children are

better nourished than many children brought up on wages, and with the new promise of a land flowing with free milk and covered with subsidised beet sugar the physical prospects of the children never were better and those of the taxpayer never were worse. No, the trouble lies deeper and is much more difficult to eradicate.

> Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,
> And with some sweet oblivious antidote
> Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
> Which weighs upon the heart?

The trouble is mental. Its origins lie in the theory to which we have referred, the inflationary and inflammatory estimate of the value of the individual man, in time, in space, and in eternity. That venerable magistrate, the Procurator of Judaea, who in his old age could not call to mind Jesus of Nazareth, failed to stamp out this doctrine when he crucified the Galilean thaumaturgist, and it has spread over the world causing endless trouble wherever it has gone. Once you allow this Eastern religion to interfere with politics and economics there can be no peace. It means war on Fascists and on Hitlerites, and their determination to stamp it out is logical. The grand secret of the English is their distrust of the logic of extremes. Shakespeare understood the English.

> Take but degree away, untune that string,
> And hark what discord follows! Each thing meets
> In mere oppugnancy: the bounded waters
> Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores
> And make a sop of all this solid globe.

The English dilute all doctrines and render them harmless; the Welsh swallow them neat. That is what has made the recovery of the Welsh coalfield impossible. Once you insist on pricing men —the majority of men, not a few chosen ones—above commodities, once you seek to apply brotherhood and equality neat to all and sundry, once you admit that merely because men exist they have human rights against the world, and must neither be slaughtered nor starved, then economic war is inevitable and bankruptcy not improbable. And these are the diseased notions with which the Welsh have fevered their minds under whatever disguise of sectarian label—Methodist, Baptist, Wesleyan, Socialist, Marxian. For the Communist creed is Christian in essence; it is its methods which are devilish. The net result is to make great tracts of the valleys derelict. They have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind and be swept away by it.

To-day Glamorgan and Monmouth constitute for England a major social nuisance. They haunt the Lord President of the Council, who once found here a harbour of refuge from an electoral storm. They haunt the Prime Minister, who knew the district as a young man of business and who gave up business before his arteries hardened. They periodically stir the House of Commons with a debate or a deputation. They excite outbursts of fitful philanthropy in the form of a Lord Mayor's Fund or quicken the unsatisfied maternal instinct of some southern seaside spinster into adopting an orphaned family. They are the despair of the Government's Commissioner for Special Areas, who moved to and fro over the deep ocean of distress, laden with millions of money, and for months found no rest for the sole of his foot nor spot whereon to bestow a threepenny bit without doing more harm than good, and so he returned to the ark of the Treasury, and the Chancellor put forth his hand and took him and brought him into the ark.

Many Remedies

It is 10 Downing Street which is the distressed area. So many remedies have been tried in vain. South Wales has become a bore. It is like a crying baby in the arms of an ignorant mother. It is smacked by one department and kissed by another. The philanthropists are trying bromide. The Commissioner has turned himself into a Red Cross Ambulance and is providing nurses for the sick, hospitals for the dying, and suits, shovels and soup for those who are willing to build swimming pools. Lady Astor comes out of the sky and drops a nursery school. The Carnegie Trust and the Pilgrim Trust and the Society of Friends, garbed in various disguises, scatter libraries, and settlements, and allotments up and down the area. The Prince of Wales, with a mind clear of cant and humbug, keeps on making speeches and touring the area and won't let his friends forget their neighbours and his. Of leadership from the local aristocracy there is little, and from the plutocracy none. The Butes, the Tredegars, the Treowens, owe their first allegiance to Rome, and Cardiff is within measurable statistical distance of becoming a city of Catholics with a dockland populated by Arabs, Somalis, West Indians, West Africans and half-castes. If charm of manner and grace of speech sufficed, then Mr. Geoffrey Crawshay would have found work for all, and so would Sir Percy Watkins with his unflagging devotion and gifts of wise administration. Mr. John Davies retains a quenchless faith in adult education and Captain Glynn Jones in boys' clubs. Sir Walford Davies prescribes a week of choral music for the unemployed in that sylvan scene known as Mountain Ash. Dr. Tom Jones, who in his callow youth preferred a general strike to a European war, now urges a ten years' industrial truce as a bait to tempt new industries into the area. Caradoc Evans and the Countess Barcynska have decided to rescue the Welsh from despair by means of the plays of Noel Coward, presented by a company of Rogues and Vagabonds. The leading local politicians, confronted with the present discontents, summon a conference at Llandrindod Wells, and while sipping the mineral waters, pass resolutions declaring the most urgent need of the most mentally alert area in the kingdom to be a National Council of Education. All these Welshmen named above are most estimable and well-intentioned and chock full of sympathy for the workless, but we must not blind ourselves, they are incurable idealists who refuse to face the facts and lie down under them. In effect they protest against a revolution revolving. Meanwhile the colliery managers on the spot and the financiers in the City go on, without rest and without ruth, mechanising production and closing two hundred pits in ten years—two hundred mining disasters the villagers call the process, taking the short parochial view. They refuse to see that in addition to its beneficial effect on Imports and Exports, the criterion of Progress, this policy has the advantage of keeping the Labour Exchanges fully employed, and of giving men ample unearned leisure in the days of their youth, so that they have time to remember their Creator and to enjoy that freedom which is all-important as a preparation for adult responsibilities.

South Wales, it will be seen, presents a precise illustration of the dualism, expounded by Kant, of scientific truth and moral experience. Or, to put it in another way, of that conflict between flexible and rigid societies which is at the root of the unrest of modern civilisation. On the one hand, our statesmen enjoin safety first, stability, security, tranquillity, regard for tradition, the good old ways which have made England great, the distrust of novelty and change. On the other hand, the inventors and technicians are scrapping the old and devising the new in a sleepless search for economy of man-power. Simultaneously the consumer is free to wield the most capricious choice in ordering necessities, comforts and luxuries. The question that arises, as the economist points out, is: "How far is society willing, or able, to sacrifice its social and political ideals (for flexibility implies this sacrifice) in order to enjoy greater wealth and greater freedom in the choice of goods? Are not the rigidities an expression of deep-seated political and religious loyalties and conceptions of social justice which are quite as real as the economic forces with which they often conflict?"

An Unprofitable Area

In South Wales these loyalties and conceptions, however misguided, are cherished with a temperamental inflexibility, an intractable sincerity, that is not easily understood on this side of the Border. The time has come to deal firmly with it. The resources of statesmen are not exhausted. In the words of the Chancellor of the Exchequer: "We have not done with the depressed areas yet." One so-called solution we must rule out *ab initio*, attractive as at first sight it seems to the person who is not an expert. To provide new work for wages in South Wales is impossible. The Special Commissioner, equipped with millions of money, in sight or at call, has found out this far-reaching truth if nothing else. And the reason is plain to the reader of the foregoing pages. It is not that there are no unsatisfied demands among the natives. They are not over-fed, nor over-dressed, nor over-housed. They have not a burdensome excess of material comforts, but they do have notions, flatulent ideas, greatly in excess of the average permissible in a healthy state, ideas which cannot be true because they are dangerous. On the other hand, they are sadly to seek in those amenities which make a population attractive to an entrepreneur. No employer is going to plant a factory in an area where the purchasing power of the public is low and the striking power of labour is high. No expert adviser of an expanding business will voluntarily recommend a site in South Wales. Where are the managerial staff to live? Where are they to play? Where to hunt? As they must be fifty miles from the works there is only Porthcawl, and Porthcawl is not Deauville;

not even the Urban District Council in the most bardic of its posters has claimed for it more than a comparison with Brighton. The Pentyrch hunt is not the Pytchley, and the Chepstow Races, though often illustrated in the *Western Mail*, are neither Newmarket nor Goodwood.

It might have been supposed that with their swollen armament programme the National Government would have been prepared not only to recommend that orders should go to South Wales, "other things being equal," but that they would have insisted on new works being planted in the area. But the risk of the Welsh making common cause with the Irish during the next war, involving *inter alia* the re-erection of fortifications along Offa's Dyke, has not been overlooked by our vigilant War Office and is engaging the attention of Lord Halifax during such time as he can spare from perusing the *Lives of the Saints*. The Cabinet has accepted the timely warning of the local member, and Woolwich will remain a safe seat and citadel concealed in the mouth of the Thames.

What Remedy ?

The establishment of new industries or the transfer of Government arsenals being thus ruled out for the most convincing reasons, what solution remains ? It is impossible to resort to bombing this native tribe. The Welsh frontier is much nearer than the Persian, and press reports of what took place would be correspondingly more accurate. Besides, the Minister for League of Nations Affairs would object to having to answer questions on the subject at Geneva. It is nevertheless clearly wrong to retain what is doomed to destruction. The alternative policy of statesmen in these circumstances, if we are to be guided by precedent, and cannot resort to bombing, is bribery. We do not suggest that this should be naked and unashamed. The policy, if adopted, should be suitably clothed. In essence the clearance of the derelict Welsh valleys would be a major operation comparable with the forcible eviction of the Highland crofters. It need not be accompanied to-day with hardship and heartbreak. Modern means of transport are far superior to those of the eighteenth and even the nineteenth century. A systematic transfer policy, with the appropriate scales of inducement, persuasively placarded in Welsh and English, could be made to operate successfully if the terms offered were high enough, and if they included an abundant supply of chapels and Eisteddfod pavilions, boxing saloons and football pitches. The rights of free speech would also have to be conceded and a large margin for eloquence. Tragedy, yes, but in the words of Aeschylus :

Through tears and dole
Comes wisdom o'er the unwilling soul.

Once the population had been removed and arranged as a new Celtic fringe around London from Hounslow to Dagenham, the Welsh members could be relied upon to see that Ministerial pledges were not too scrupulously carried out. It is plainly desirable that steps should be taken to prevent the formation of new cells of disaffection. Greater London enjoys an enviable immunity from active Trade Unionism and from organisations whose object it is to encroach on the liberty of the employer, and this explains the low percentage of unemployment in the area. Anything in the nature of a Welsh revival or an outburst of aboriginal idealism in the neighbourhood of the Ford works at Dagenham would upset the *status quo* and might lead to their closure and removal elsewhere. And if, by hypothesis, South Wales were now empty and salubrious, Sir John T. Davies might prevail on his co-directors to reverse the transfer policy and escape with the plant to the deserted borough of Merthyr and start afresh. We are against this, as we have a better future in store for Merthyr.

The solution clearly is a transfer policy carried out by the Ministry of Labour and the Unemployment Assistance Board on the lines of the conducted tours of Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son, with competent interpreters. These guides should be stationed at the various centres of unemployment pay in the metropolis and suburbs, but should be gradually and imperceptibly withdrawn as the settlers find their bearings and are sure of their way to Hyde Park Corner on Sundays and to Twickenham and Wembley on other days. Care should be taken that John Jones does not displace John Bull in a job, and the two Johns would be well advised never to move about without the address of the nearest dole office.

If such a "drive"—Mr. Baldwin dislikes the precision of the word "plan"—is enforced with that thoroughness and decision which has characterised the National Government's conduct of

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home and foreign affairs, we may look for peace in our time at last. Other results will follow, the importance of which, for the happiness of England, can hardly be exaggerated. It will now be possible for the First Commissioner of Works to schedule South Wales as a Grand National Ruin. He is already an authority on Avebury. Together these two monuments will serve to illustrate impressively the achievements of the Welsh in the nineteenth century before Christ and the nineteenth century after Christ.

Details of the best way of laying out the National Ruin so as to make it attractive to American tourists and remunerative to the transport and catering companies may be left to be worked out by a committee. Such a committee might be presided over by Mr. W. R. Hearst, who has bought St. Donat's Castle in the Vale of Glamorgan and who has already shown that he can tempt rich and beautiful Hollywood stars to visit the district. To a man of Mr. Hearst's resources and fertility many magnificent ideas are sure to occur for the exploitation of a derelict area as a tourist resort. There will obviously be abundant work for archaeologists, and this is fortunate, for they have no insurance scheme to fall back upon. But they are a small band of retrospectors and can be neglected.

The comprehensive scheme which attracts us, and which we submit with respect to the First Commissioner, is as follows. He should proceed by stages and schedule three valleys only where the degree of dereliction is at the maximum. The Rhymney Valley might be flooded and made into a lake, which would provide a pure and abundant supply of water to Greater London, an increasingly thirsty area. The heavy rainfall of the valley and its hinterland about the Brecon Beacons is now largely wasted. The afforestation of the hillsides, which has not hitherto been economically feasible, when the motive was to find work for idle miners, would become a work of sudden and urgent necessity if they had to be made picturesque for tourists. And tourists would pay for the prospect in meal or in malt, preferably in malt.

Merthyr, Dowlais, and the Rhondda Valley, on the other hand, we propose should be left exactly as they are found to be at the zero hour.

It has been put to us that as a compliment to Lord Davies, and in view of his local associations, the valley should be reconstructed and made the headquarters of the International Police Force. But there are objections. The presence of a military force, however pacific, might clash with the broadcasting of the Annual Peace Message from the children of Wales to the children of the world. Nor can the claims of Constantinople be lightly passed over. We feel that the precise location of the Force should be postponed until its formation is well in hand.

An Industrial Museum

For the Rhondda and Merthyr area we urge that the First Commissioner should issue an irrevocable Standstill Order, once all human beings have been evacuated to the Hounslow-Dagenham green belt. The Office of Works should then proceed to protect all approaches from souvenir hunters and should invite His Majesty to declare the area open as Museum or Exhibition to illustrate the Industrial Revolution of the Nineteenth Century. We claim this as an original suggestion. The march of science is such that old landmarks are constantly being removed or blotted out, and if we are not alert we shall have few traces left of what nineteenth-century industrialism and individualism combined were able to achieve. The isolation of Wales provides all lovers of the past with a unique opportunity, and, if rightly seized, it can be made to yield some return for all that philanthropy has spent upon it in recent years. No Treasury grant is required, not even from Mr. P. M. Stewart, for no capital expenditure is involved. To alter would be to spoil as well as to defeat our object.

It is doubtless realised by the reader that beneath the surface of the valleys run innumerable labyrinthine tunnels, " whereon the travelling feet of men have trod " for a century, journeying to and from the interior daily to extract coal. In many of the disused pits rivers of water flow in perpetual night. Some winding engines should be kept in going repair to enable visitors to descend the pit shafts and explore the subterranean galleries—an experience which should be no less thrilling than a visit to the catacombs of Rome or to the Causses of Languedoc and Quercy with their stalagmites and stalactites.

If we take as our third valley that of which Abertillery is the centre, it might be given the following special treatment. It is common knowledge that the fighting departments are frequently in a difficulty in selecting suitable sites for their exercises and experiments. There are so few areas of unrelieved ugliness in England that the authorities are reluctantly but irresistibly driven to choose spots of unrivalled beauty for practice with tanks and aeroplanes, such as Lulworth Cove, Abbotsbury and the environs of Oxford. Here at last in the valley which stretches southwards from Nantyglo—which is said to mean Coal Brook—is an ideal tract for bombing practice. With the removal of the inhabitants, which we have already provided for, the objections to bombing which we urged above disappear also. The valley is profusely supplied with targets whose destruction would cause no pang of remorse except to lovers of the macabre. We can recall nothing of sheer and overpowering beauty made by man anywhere in the valley between Brynmawr and Bassaleg.

Let us now survey what would be achieved by our prescription.

Journey's End

The Welsh people belong to one of the most ancient races of Europe. They have reached Journey's End. They had their day in the Middle Ages when they produced poetry of untranslatable excellence and during the reign of the Tudors when they made Shakespeare possible. They have grown old and become a burdensome nuisance. They have failed to adapt themselves to the rapid changes of the modern world, in which the fittest only survive. Unlike the Catholic Irish, they have not for many years enjoyed the benefits of a civil war. Instead they cling to an outmoded religion hardly distinguishable from the infidel philosophy of the Muscovites. We have outlined a scheme, worthy of an imperial race, by which this root of national bitterness can be dug up, transplanted and allowed to die for lack of congenial soil. Briefly, we have rid the world of the Welsh at long last.

Secondly, having depopulated their country we have not made it a desert. We have gone some way to restore it to its pristine innocence before it was sullied by the presence of man. Of some countries it can be said that they are finer without humans than with them. Wales is one of these. We have ourselves some sympathy with the Anti-Noise League, but solitude and silence are so unfamiliar not only to Mr. Wells but to the English and American tourist, that we have hesitated to make them complete and profound. We have provided in our scheme for an exhibition, with an orchestra for the bourgeoisie and a brass band for the proletariat, and also arranged for the occasional buzz and boom of bombing planes as reminders of urban civilisation. In addition to the winding engine and cages for the use of visitors, which we have left standing, there is something to be said for retaining the Pontypridd Brewery as a liquid asset. But that is a detail which can safely be left to Mr. Hearst's Committee.

Le monde s'attristait. The Welsh have been unfortunate and must pay the penalty of a world change in the current of imports and exports. The export of preachers and teachers to England cannot compensate for the decline in the coal sent to Italy and the Argentine. They will feel the sadness of departure as they are a home-loving race. Their songs will turn once more into elegies, " Wailing the woe that broods upon their home." But in time the voice of the Great Western guard at Cardiff and Newport proclaiming on behalf of the National Government *First stop, Paddington* will sound unto them as a slogan of hope. So have similar cries made music in the ears of generations of Scotsmen in remote railway stations of the Highlands.

London may be likened unto the sheet mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles let down by four corners upon the earth, wherein are all manner of two-footed beasts and creeping things of the earth, all drawn there at the beckoning of the magnetic South. The Great Wen is a great sponge. It is the manifest destiny of the English to absorb the weak, and out of weakness to be made strong and successful. To them mastery is the truest charity as meekness is the worst policy. The rights of the strong and therefore of the English are paramount. Against them the lesser breeds dash themselves in vain. Enfeebled knees bow to them and strange tongues swear to them, as was foretold by the prophet. With strength they mingle tolerance, and it is comforting to know that the Members of Parliament for Glamorgan and Monmouth, as a last request, before their elevation to the House of Lords on the extinction of their constituencies, have secured from the Prime Minister a firm pledge that the Welsh may travel from Babylon once a year, preferably on St. David's Day, to visit the Grand National Ruin and hold there an Eisteddfod in native costume and sing the songs of Zion. " Dear City of Cecrops ! " saith the poet. " Dear City of God ! " said the preachers. Now the Welsh will take with them a new song which they have learnt in a strange land : " Dear City of Dagenham."

" *Take your seats, please. First stop, Paddington !* "

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